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THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

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No part of the New Testament has had more influence upon the popular thought in regard to the work of Christ than the Epistle to the Hebrews. The idea of a sacrificial atonement, which seems hinted elsewhere, appears here to be presented in full and distinct proportions. All the pomp of the Jewish ritual and the most sacred traditions of the Hebrew people, together with the most sublime and tender elements of the history of Jesus, seem to unite to give to the idea of a sacrificial atonement its most intense reality. The language of the Christian Church has all along been shaped and colored in accordance with the vivid pictures of this epistle.

On the other hand, many, to whom the thought of this sacrificial atonement has seemed inconsistent with the nature of God and foreign to the general spirit of the New Testament, have felt this epistle to be a mass of rhetorical extravagances. It has seemed to betray an unbridled tendency to

a fantastic exegesis, and the mind of the writer has seemed to lose itself in the meaningless play of fanciful and fruitless symbolism. Even so careful a thinker as James Martineau can use such expressions as the following: "Principles and affections were indeed secreted in the heart of the first disciples which were to have a great future, and to become the highest truth of the world. But it was precisely of these that they rarely thought at all. The Apostles themselves speak slightly of them, as babies' food; and the great faith in God, the need of repentant purity of heart, with a trust in immortality,—the very doctrines which we should name as the permanent essence of Christian faith,—are expressly declared by them to be the childish rudiments of belief, on which the attention of the grown Christian will disdain to dwell."\* These words have special reference to the transition from the introduction of the Epistle to the Hebrews to the main body of it; and, though as he goes on Mr. Martineau refers also to the Pauline epistles in this connection, he speaks of the parallel between Christ and Melchisedec as one of the fanciful or trifling things, that were apt to occupy the minds of the early disciples to the exclusion of matters of real importance. And elsewhere, in his essay on the "Scheme of Vicarious Redemption," † in a very interesting discussion of the argument in the Epistle to the Hebrews, he evidently regards the atonement insisted on by the writer of the epistle to be the same in kind as that undertaken by the Hebrew priesthood, though very different from that in its extent and efficiency.

Both of the views I have referred to fail, I think, to do justice to this wonderful epistle. Its interpretation of the Old Testament would not always stand the test of modern criticism. Its Christology would find few sympathizers either in the orthodox or the more heretical churches. Its logic is not always such as we could use. In a word, it bears many marks of the time in which it was written. It bears the features of

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\* Studies in Christianity, p. xvi.

† Ibid., pp. 129, ff.

the great movement out of which it was born. But in spite of these peculiarities, perhaps even by means of the peculiarities which made it so thoroughly at home in its own age, it is one of the most magnificent protests ever made against all encroachments upon the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. It is one of the most thoroughly Broad-Church documents ever issued. Though its garb may be quaint and its speech antiquated, yet in its heart is the same fire that is burning in the most advanced and liberal spirits of the time.

The writer to the Hebrews was doing, in his method, the same work that Paul was doing in his. If the calm logic of Paul has been misunderstood, it is not strange that the free rhetoric of the writer to the Hebrews should share the same fate. Yet none the less should the liberal Christians of the present recognize, through all disguise, those who in the past have done so much to win for them the liberty which they now enjoy. Well indeed would it be for them if they would catch more inspiration from these heroic souls who battled so manfully to secure for the church that heritage of freedom upon which it is even now just entering.

The object of the writer to the Hebrews, like that of Paul in his Epistle to the Galatians, was to free the Christian Church from bondage to the Jewish law and ritual. At the same time he, like Paul, sought to impart to the spirits of the early Christians a power of life that would enable them to bear this liberty without making it an occasion of excess. This "law of liberty" is the "perfection" of the Christian doctrine to which he would lead those for whom he wrote. He casts no discredit upon what he called the principles of the doctrine of Christ, such as repentance and faith. These he recognizes as absolutely indispensable. He does not dwell upon them only because they formed the foundation that had been already laid. Those to whom he wrote had once had these principles established in their hearts; and if they had lost them he did not know how their power could be renewed. And, however important they were in this regard, he would not rest with them. Indeed it was a mighty step to which he called his followers. There is a vast difference between

saying that these principles are necessary, and in saying that they are all that is necessary. It is the step between childhood and manhood. It summoned the Hebrews to come out from all that had been most dear and sacred to them; to disregard the whole system of forms and observances, from violating the smallest element of which they had always shrunk with a holy dread. No wonder he called such teaching as this "strong meat," and doubted whether they who had thus far been fed only with "milk for babes" would be able to receive it. No wonder he felt that what he had to say was "hard to be uttered" to those who were "dull of hearing." And at the same time it is no wonder that with this mighty message in his heart he could not keep it back. Thus with an inconsistency which troubles the commentator, but which opens for us a view into the depths of his great sympathetic heart, he hurries on to utter what he had just told his readers they were not ready to receive.

A favorite method of these early battlers against the tyranny of the Jewish law was to present this law in its finiteness over against the infinite spaces of history that encompass it. They would show it thus as a transient cloud upon the open heaven. Thus Paul loved to look back to the liberty in which Abraham had walked the earth, that liberty in which he stood when he received the promises of God. "This I say," he cries, "that the covenant, that was confirmed before of God in Christ, the law, which was four hundred and thirty years later, cannot disannul, that it should make the promise of none effect." As Paul reached back to Abraham, in whom the promise was given, so the writer to the Hebrews reached back to Melchisedec, who was the type in accordance with which the promise should be fulfilled. This Melchisedec stood altogether out of the line of Hebrew descent. He was no kinsman of Abraham, yet he was greater than Abraham. Thus, as Paul showed what we may call the linear limitation of the law, the writer to the Hebrews undertook to show its lateral limitation. The law was thus cut off on all sides.

The writer to the Hebrews maintains, basing his assumption upon a passage in the Psalms, that Christ was to



be "a priest after the order of Melchisedec." It becomes then important to know the nature of the priesthood of Melchisedec, or at least what the writer to the Hebrews understood to be its nature. Melchisedec was simply a priest-king of the early world. He was priest because he was king. He was a priest of the simple religion of nature. His priesthood came to him in no narrow line of descent. Religion was felt to be the natural sentiment of the human heart. Whoever was the head of the people in their political relations was the head of the people in their religious relations. The father was priest to his household, the chief to his clan, the king to his people. These historical facts the writer to the Hebrews makes expressly the basis of his argument. The point that he lays stress upon is that Melchisedec was without genealogy, for so the phrase translated, "without descent" should be rendered. He was a priest of no priestly line. He stood alone, with a sense of human needs on the one side and the divine presence on the other. He was priest because his sympathy with men and his trust in God made him such. After this type was the priesthood of Jesus. The world had returned again to the simple and natural religion of humanity. The cloud that hung in the heavens had melted away, and the blue sky stretched in calm beauty over all. Men still needed help as they needed it in the past. The stronger must help the weaker. He was priest in whom the power of religion was the strongest. Christ was priest, "by the power of an endless life."

Thus the argument in regard to the relation of Christ to Melchisedec is, in spite of certain fanciful turns which are given to it, really a sound and a strong one. We can sympathize both with its nature and its result. We do not need it at the present day, as the Hebrews did, as a protection against the encroachments of Jewish formalism. It may, however, help to keep fresh in our hearts a sense of the natural and sweet spontaneity which has all along been the characteristic of true Christianity.

After having, in the manner just referred to, explained the

nature and the foundation of the priesthood of Christ, the writer to the Hebrews proceeds to show its method and its results. He had contrasted the priesthood of Christ with the Levitical priesthood, showing that it rested upon the absolute foundation of the universal religion instead of upon the narrowness of tradition and family descent. He now proceeds to show that its work, like its nature, was real and not formal. It really accomplished the complete result which it undertook, while the Levitical priesthood undertook to accomplish a far less perfect work and failed in that.

In studying this part of the argument we must remember that both the sacrifices of the temple worship and the suffering of Christ were real things to the writer of this epistle. He had seen from his childhood the victim bleeding upon the altar. It had been to him the type of what was most sacred. It had been to him the medium through which he felt that he had found acceptance with God. He may not have looked at the form of Christ bleeding upon the cross; but the personality of Christ and the terror that accompanied his death were vivid realities to him. We think of the Jewish ritual and of the death of Christ as pictures far away. To the Hebrew Christian they were the most real things of his life, and thus as he looked upon Christ as indeed his Saviour, as he found in him the moving power of his religious experience, and as he found through him confidence in God's forgiving love, the thought of him would naturally become connected in his mind with the temple service through which he had sought similar results. The priest with his victim bleeding upon the altar and Christ with his body bleeding upon the cross would seem to stand over against one another. The word "sacrifice" has still meaning for us. What force would it have if we had been used to looking upon the real sacrifice of the temple, especially if the act to which we symbolically applied the term were itself a bloody one!

It was in the spirit that has just been referred to that the writer to the Hebrews approached the contemplation of the priesthood of Christ. The comparisons which are suggested to his mind are not at heart artificial and arbitrary, any more

than his comparison between Christ and Melchisedec. We feel that his fancy sometimes hurries him further than our colder imagination can follow, yet he never loses sight of the great spiritual reality which is in his heart. He never for a moment loses sight of that great and fundamental contrast between the work of Christ and that of the Jewish priesthood. The great contrast is this, that the Jewish priesthood aimed at a ceremonial purification of the flesh, Christ aimed at an actual purification of the spirit. The work of the Jewish priesthood was objective. It was something done for the man outside of him. The work of Christ was subjective. It was something accomplished in the very heart and spirit of the man. He speaks of redemption, but he never forgets to say that it is redemption from sin of which he speaks. He uses the word purification, but does not let us forget that it is purification of the heart. And when his figures thicken so that we can hardly see the truth through them, he never fails to brush them away and state his meaning in its simplicity. If any one will, in reading the epistle, give himself up to the guidance of the explanatory "for"s which the writer has introduced so often like finger marks to point the way, he can scarcely mistake its meaning.

When we read in this way, we find that Christ was the establisher of a new covenant; but the covenant was that God should put his law into the minds of men and remember their sins no more. Christ took the place of the victim of the Jewish ritual, because under his gospel of forgiveness there was no more offering for sin. Through his death the souls of men were redeemed from sin because this was the price that was paid for their deliverance. His blood was a purification because it touched the hearts of men and purged their consciences from dead works to serve the living God. From his death in their behalf men caught new courage and gathered boldness to enter even into the holiest. Such would seem, by the interpretation that the writer himself gives, to be the meaning of the figures which he scatters with so prodigal a hand. If any are not satisfied with this interpretation, but would

seek to construct some more elaborate and artificial system out of his words taken in any more strict and literal sense, they would do well to begin with the figure taken from the relation of a testament to the death of the testator. This illustration would make clear the manner in which the writer uses figures of speech. He uses them as illustrations merely.

Another point in the history of Jesus made a profound impression upon the hearts of the early converts from among the Jews. It was the curse that fell upon Jesus from the representatives of the law. There was a strange contrast in the minds of these Jewish Christians between the shame of this condemnation and the glory which came forth from it. Paul uses this fact as his strongest argument for the abolition of the law. The Church, the body of Christ, being in and through Christ accursed before the law, excommunicated from the Jewish Church, the law had no more power over it. "I through the law," cried Paul, "am dead unto the law." The writer to the Hebrews surveyed the same fact under a somewhat different aspect. The strong, manly spirit of Paul simply exulted in this change. His mind seemed at once and wholly emancipated from the past. The shame of the condemnation of Christ was to Paul only glory. Exclusion from the Jewish Church was to him only the call to a larger liberty. He so rejoiced in this liberty that it seems never to have occurred to him that it was procured by the sacrifice of anything dear to him. With the writer to the Hebrews it was different. His mind seems to have had a more feminine element than that of Paul. His spirit seems to have clung more than Paul's to the past. His mind was not so fully emancipated from early associations as Paul's was. He speaks of God sometimes more like a Hebrew than a Christian. Even where the substance of his thought was wholly new, the forms of his thought were sometimes old. He liked to blend something of the familiarity of the old with the strength and inspiration of the new. To him, exile from all that had been dear and sacred was not wholly the glad experience that it was to Paul. His words, "Let us go forth, therefore, unto him without the camp bearing his re-

proach," have a deep and tender pathos. The change struck to the very root of his life. In letting go his hold upon the world of his youth he let go his hold upon the world itself. All outward things seemed unreal and transitory. He felt indeed that "here we have no continuing city."

But if we honor the brave spirit of Paul, that leaped with an exultant bound into the new life, shall we not pay equal honor to him who pressed forward with equal steadfastness, though with less joy; who while he would not forget that the past had been dear to him, yet left it without a thought of turning back; who while he loved to let his imagination still dwell among old scenes, to reproduce for him the solemn service of his youth, yet used these images only to make more dear and more powerful the truth of Christ? We must remember that he severed the new Church from the old with a blow more decisive than any that Paul ever struck. Paul tells the converts to Christianity that if they became circumcised they were debtors to do the whole law, that Christ was become of no effect unto them; but even Paul seems sometimes to have taken part in the old temple service. The writer to the Hebrews with all his tender memories, with all the sadness that the breaking up of the sacred associations of the past cost him, yet did his work more thoroughly. He leaves no place for any vestige of the old ceremonial. "We have an altar," he cries, "whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle." The Jew, who, sharing in the ritual of the temple also takes part in the Christian service, he declares, carries impurity into the temple. It was only outside the camp that the legal impurity became spiritual purification, and that the shame became glory. We may say that in this his spirit was less broad than that of Paul, but none the less must we admire the unshrinking courage of this tender soul, and none the less interesting is it to see severed by his hand the last tie that connected the Christian Church with the Jewish Church out of which it sprung.

In this short sketch of the Epistle to the Hebrews we have looked at it in a single relation only. The investigations as to its authorship have been passed over, and their best ac-

credited results have been taken for granted. The rich fullness of the epistle, its exhortations, its tender consolations, its inspiration, that many-sided sympathy with life that made it not unworthy of him to whom it was accredited so long, have also been left untouched. It has been our single object, so far as it could be accomplished by these few pages, to remove some of the misconceptions that have gathered about this work, to show that its writer was a Christian of the Christians, and a liberal of the liberals, to show something of the honor and the sympathy that are due from us to one to whose struggles and victory we owe so much.

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## OUR AMERICAN CEMETERIES.

BY SAMUEL OSGOOD.

SINCE our great war, this whole subject is having new interest. I do not think that Hawthorne could have written of America now as he wrote of it in the preface to his "Marble Faun," in 1859, thus:—

"Italy as the site of this Romance, was chiefly valuable to him as affording a sort of picturesque or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America. No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. . . . Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers need ruin to make them grow."

We have had ruin and death, alas, on every side, and our poetry and art of late have not wanted the tragic elements

in which they have their highest inspiration. America is singing, painting, and carving her "In Memoriam," and our great parks and cemeteries are full of the fruits. We have had some good verse, romance, painting, and sculpture in this vein. The end is not yet. Why not claim our rural cemeteries for the hand of art, and insist that our dead shall be buried as becomes a free and great people who know the worth of civil liberty, and mean to live and die under its banner and before its altar?

This subject is wholly open to our choice and action now, for we have beautiful grounds, woods, and waters in abundance, and at this moment hundreds of cities and towns are deciding the matter for themselves, whilst the old settlements have not made many mistakes that they cannot easily repair. The most frequent mistake is apt to be the vulgarism that insists upon carrying the narrow selfishness of the shop into the burial place, and making the feeling of private property more conspicuous than the sentiment of neighborly fellowship or human brotherhood. How appalling are the acres of square plots, and stone and iron enclosures, that thrust the notion of property into your face at every turn, and at once break up the expression of the landscape and the thought that becomes the resting-place of the dead. But these things, Heaven be praised, can be taken away; and I was greatly pleased a few weeks ago, in visiting the beautiful cemetery of Forest Hills, to see heaps of sections of iron fence piled upon the ground, and awaiting removal from the places that had been desecrated by their unsightly and unseemly presence. It is, of course, proper for every man to express his own taste and judgment, and indeed speak his own individuality, in the structure and surroundings of his own tomb and that of his family. Father Abraham took the lead in thus doing, and his children have followed him with considerable variety of adaptation, as well as marked reverence for his preference of the rock sepulchre over the Greek and Roman urn burial. Yet individuality is not necessarily a churlish self-will, and we may indicate our personal wishes, affections, and even rights, without carrying the greed of the shop or the airs of the



ball-room into the cemetery. It is important for every family to put its own history upon its memorial stones, with as much expression of personal feeling as sober second thought favors, and as distinct and just a record as will keep the family name alive for coming generations. This rule will check that maudlin sentimentalism that is filling so many lovely grounds with pretty toys, and putting upon marble the bitter endearments that belong only to the bereaved hearts in the agony of their bereavement. The aim should be to express love for the deceased in such a way that it should speak to every true heart,—lift private sorrow into universal fellowship. Some of the simplest expressions of the old catacombs do this with their solemn prefix "In Pace," or "In Peace," and the name of the dead, and perhaps with a rude figure of the Good Shepherd with a lamb in his arms.

There should be a generous human spirit in the burial place, such as declares that the truly human life never dies, but rather rises and ranges more by the great transition that passes from death to life eternal. This human spirit should rejoice to recognize all neighborly ties and local affinities, whilst it should never be content with stopping short of the highest loyalty and resting in the supreme good and its blessed communion. In this spirit, we shall be ready to put upon our memorial grounds and stones all proper testimony of our local attachments, family relations, and social intercourse and obligations, and encourage the custom so marked in some of our cemeteries of grouping family monuments together according to friendly affinities, such as connection with the same society or church. Thus at Greenwood there is an interesting enclosure belonging to the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, and at Swan Point, Providence, there is a large and expressive circle of evergreens that embraces the many and suggestive graves and monuments of the Benevolent Congregational Church in that city, a hallowed place for many reasons and not least on account of its being the burial place of that good and true man, Rev. Edward Brooks Hall, so long minister of that congregation. Let all such ties be perpetuated, and there will be such a combination of



intellect and also of means as to produce impressive effects, and enable the many to do what no one man or family can possibly do.

Town, state, and national feelings may enter into the monumental record; and, as already indicated, our cemeteries are having new significance and worth from their rich register of the heroes who have given their lives for their country. Sometimes the soldiers' monument may be too warlike and fierce in its inscriptions and symbols; but time is softening the asperity and bringing more love and faith, as it sees the truth that all true heroism approaches the great sacrifice, and should nurture the brave charity that calls all citizens to live under the same liberty and law, and invites all souls into the same divine brotherhood. There is an evident desire in our people to lift up the expression of our cemeteries into this supreme loyalty; and generally the gateway appears to be chosen to put the best face forward, and speak out the faith and devotion of the builders. The gateway at Greenwood is an elaborate piece of Christian architecture and sculpture, and the best thing in its way that I have seen in America; whilst Forest Hills, Roxbury, and Mount Auburn, Cambridge, are less ambitious but not less Christian in their portals. In Europe less significance is given to the gateway, and the main expression is sought from the monumental arcades, the mortuary chapel, and the central crucifix, which last is, as at the great cemetery of Munich and even the modest Protestant cemetery at Florence, sometimes, very impressive. We are to find here in America the true way to bring out into bold expression the ruling idea of the cemetery, and perhaps so to combine an impressive chapel with open arcades and auxiliary grounds and groups, as to give unity to the generally over-abounding variety of our gardens of graves. Let some of our architects try their hand at a bold and wise and beautiful design, and some plucky Western city like Chicago, St. Louis, or San Francisco will be sure to adopt it, even if steady old Boston and splendid New York and Quaker Philadelphia may be afraid of such a new and costly thing. In a modest way, our town and village people may help on the true idea

and try to combine as much serious unity of purpose as possible with the variety of grounds, woods, and waters, as well as to guard against the too frequent mechanical monotony of enclosures and monuments by favoring all judicious variety of vegetation, landscape and stone-work. Here almost within sight of my garden nook, where I am writing, our neighbors are laying out a large and handsome cemetery near the banks of our pretty little Mill River. They have chosen the ground well, and run the roads through with good judgment. Yet thus far there is a dreary monotony in the monuments, and nearly all of these are obelisks of much the same pattern and height, with some difference in the color and kind of stone. This should not be, and here and everywhere our artists and stone-cutters should try to introduce the desirable variety of designs and materials. I bought for three dollars a little while ago, at Westermann's, a fine collection of designs, thirty or forty, I think, from the cemetery at Munich, and mean to do what I can to make them known and have them copied or hints taken from them. I recommend them to all who are wishing for expressive and original designs.

Our neighbors here, so the superintendent tells me, object to having trees upon their burial lots because the falling leaves discolor the stones; and therefore they have left unpurchased the most woody and beautiful parts of the ground. I could not resist the temptation thus offered by their neglect; and I appropriated a charming little grove, the only ground directly on the bank of the river with the command of a small island in the midst of the stream. If good for nothing else at present, it is, like wedding cake to the ladies, good too dream over; and I call the island St. John or Little Patmos, and dream over all the dear old and new memories there. It would be easy to spend money on a rustic bridge, a monument, and vases, if that cash article were at hand, as it is not.

I have written somewhat fully and freely upon this subject, as regarding it to be of serious importance alike to personal affections, social spirit, and Christian faith. Perhaps this arti-

cle may do something to call attention to it, and at once to encourage our people by assuring them of the great beauty of their cemeteries and to impress them with their need of a higher order of memorial art. The true art will come, and probably is coming. Its two constituent elements are showing themselves, sometimes in antagonism but of late more frequently in combination,—the Hebrew spirit in its solemnity and awe, and the Greek spirit in its beauty and joy—the one putting the dead in gloomy caves and shrinking from all joyous association of death with nature and art, the other eager to throw sunshine and flowers upon the grave and set the smiling genius above the death's head and the clod. History, or what we call such, has come from these two factors; and one presided over the dark cells of the catacombs, and the other over the beautiful monuments of the Appian Way. Yet, even in the primitive time, the two elements tended to come together, and the Christian carried sweet spices and fair flowers to the resting place of their dead, and sang over them more cheering hymns than ever graced a Greek or Roman funeral. Christian Rome has in a measure carried out the union, and her memorial churches in their magnificence and beauty, their sepulchral crypts and altars and monumental sculptures, inscriptions, and paintings, bring the gloom of the catacombs and the beauty of the Appian Way into reconciliation. Our generous America, in her free faith and broad citizenship and large humanity, should do better than priestly Rome to complete the union, and reconcile Hebrew reverence with Hellenic taste and liberty. Our art and literature for almost a century have been doing this; and we have been recovering from the reaction of the eighteenth century against the previous Puritanism, not to be content with the grim old pietism or the shallow materialism that threatened to take its place. We believe in God and Christ, and so we believe in nature and the human mind, and in our right and duty to know and love all that is good and true and beautiful on earth and in heaven. We mean to express this faith in life and death, to set up its

record upon our homes and schools and churches, and to declare it in brass and marble, flowers and trees, upon our graves. Our artists will not fail to express it in due form and feature, if it lives in the heart of the people; and I am confident that, before the century closes, the cemeteries of America will have treasures of art not unworthy of the rural grandeur and beauty that now win the admiration of Europe.

I saw at Florence the design of a monument which is in the spirit that I am commending. It is by the American sculptor Ball, and intended for the ground of the Chickering brothers at Mount Auburn. It presents, in a lovely and touching group, the Angel of Death opening the eyes of faith. The Angel seemed to me to have been suggested by the memorable figure of the Genius of Death in the Uffizi palace; and so the design brought the Greek sunshine to bear upon the solemn Hebrew faith, and the whole work expressed the very thought that Americans are now most cherishing and trying to bring out into ideas and deeds. Other works in the same vein will follow, and we shall have a memorial art true to our birthright. Is it a weak conceit on my part to look upon that monument as being more significant on account of its connection with our American mechanism and its educational bearings? It is to be placed over the grave of our great American piano-makers, and in its way it indicates the mission which the piano is having in history; for what is the piano but the old harp of David, enlarged, improved, and enclosed, and fitted to all the harmonies and melodies that the Hellenist culture has found in nature or breathed into man and woman. Those exquisite harpsichords, from that manufactory and others, are going into every thriving home in the nation, and sounding the notes of the coming of the true civilization that shall make all literature say Amen to the Eternal Word, bring the Aryan and the Shemite into the same family of God, and over the dust of the grave chant the triumphal hymn of the Resurrection and the Life.

## LINES.

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, "WHAT DO YOU WANT YOUR  
RELIGION TO DO FOR YOU?"

SEND down, dear God, thy grace divine  
Into this sinful heart of mine ;  
Grant that thy Holy Spirit there,  
Rich and abundant fruit may bear,  
And show my soul what she might be  
If she dwelt ever close to thee.

Then, in my every tone and word  
Would sweetest melody be heard,  
And every passing eye would trace  
Peace, love, and calmness on my face,  
As though the soul that dwelt within  
Knew neither sorrow, care, nor sin.

Then would my every thought and deed  
From pure, unselfish love proceed,  
While others' cares and sorrows known  
Would fill my heart as do my own,  
And Charity's broad mantle fold  
Her ample skirts round young and old.

Then my rebellious, stubborn will  
Would listen to the "Peace, be still!"  
And I should know thy way to be  
The best and only one for me ;  
And cheerfully, at thy command,  
Lay what was dearest in thy hand.

And when my failing feet should stand,  
Shrinking and worn, on Jordan's strand,  
I'd clasp the hand stretched out to save,  
And fearless breast the surging wave,  
And safely reach, by thy dear side,  
My home that lies beyond the tide.

## DR. GANNETT AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE death of Dr. Gannett, the oldest settled minister in Boston, naturally takes our thoughts back to the time of his settlement, to the cause which he represented, and to the men with whom he was associated in the early portion of his ministry.

The last century, with the extraordinary political movements which had their beginning, or at least their best practical illustration, in this country, was marked, especially towards its close, by a widespread protest against existing religious institutions and formulas of faith. By the progress of political freedom, by wonderful discoveries in science, and still more wonderful mechanical inventions, a new impulse was given to the human mind in every direction. Nothing was allowed to stand unquestioned. Opinions the most ancient, and on subjects the most sacred, were called upon to give a reason for the authority which they exercised, or to pass away into the realm of things whose day and usefulness had gone by.

As Boston was, more than any other place, the cradle of the political ideas which resulted in our national independence, so here, more than anywhere else, began the religious discussions which have done so much to enlarge and liberalize the minds of almost all Christian denominations. Jonathan Mayhew, of the West Church, was perhaps the leading mind of his day in demanding greater freedom, and the application of more rational principles, in the interpretation of the Scriptures. Dr. Freeman, in King's Chapel, established the first recognized Unitarian society in Boston.

At the opening of the present century these more liberal ideas were finding their way into almost every church in Boston. John Thornton Kirkland, at the New South, in his preaching was throwing out thoughts which powerfully moved

the ablest minds in the community, and led them on by a logical necessity, which was felt rather than formally stated, to the assertion of a grander liberty. Joseph Stevens Buckminster, with the charm and grace and eloquence of a nature almost transfigured by the spirit which shone through his life, and gave inspiration to his words and to the tones of his voice, was turning the thoughts of the young towards a higher culture, which should reach through all their faculties, and illuminate the whole body of divinity. Buckminster died in 1812, when he was only twenty-eight years old. He left behind materials for a volume of sermons, the publication of which may be regarded as marking a new era of pulpit eloquence in this country. Dr. Palfrey, who had known him and heard him preach, says, —

“No one could look on his intellectual beauty, — no one could hear the softest tone of his voice, — without loving the spirit that dwelt in the expression of both. He spoke to solemnize the levity of the young, and inform the wisdom of age; to shake the sinner’s purpose, and to bind up, in the softest balm of consolation, the wounds of a Christian heart. Those of us who have heard him, with a force and feeling all his own, plead the claims of our religion, describe its value, and disclose its hopes, may not expect, while we live, to witness anything approaching nearer to what we imagine of a prophet’s or an angel’s inspiration.”

When, twelve years after Buckminster’s death, Mr. Gannett was ordained, he was brought into intimate professional relations with a remarkable body of men. At their head, above the rest in the commanding qualities of a great religious nature, was William Ellery Channing. In the feminine delicacy of his religious perceptions, in the exquisite fineness of his mental organization, in the clearness and comprehensiveness of his thought, in the purity and loftiness of his ideal, and the earnestness with which he gave himself to every great cause of truth and humanity, he was superior to any man that we have known. That which struck us most in his daily life and conversation was the lofty plane in which he constantly moved. He had his seasons of men-

tal relaxation. He was often obliged to give up his severer studies, and unbend his mind in lighter pursuits and diversions. But the sphere in which he moved as naturally as a bird through the air was one of severe and lofty meditation. Here was the element in which he lived when left to himself. It was only with apparent effort and something of a want of ease that he adapted himself to the subjects which are most familiar to others. Great social and moral truths, religious ideas, prayer, seemed to come forth from him as the easy and natural outflowing of the life that was in him. When he talked in private on the great themes of moral and religious duty, not less than when he rose in the pulpit, it was as if his whole soul were steeped in them and his very countenance illuminated by them. This absorption of his whole being into the divine truths which he uttered has given him a name to live, and will make him, perhaps for generations yet to come, a power among men.

In his personal bearing he had not one of the attributes of a popular leader. He assumed nothing. He organized nothing. From his earliest youth he had lived much in secret prayer, or in the seclusion of his own thought. When he came among men to converse on common topics, he seemed to be coming down from a higher sphere, and it was not till he had infused his enthusiasm into the minds of his companions, and interested them in great subjects, that he seemed to be in his own element. We have known him in conversation with one young man on the claims of the Christian ministry, or on the second coming of Christ, to speak with an enthusiasm and power which could hardly have been exceeded by his highest utterances in the pulpit. There was nothing dictatorial in his nature; no assumption of authority, no air of personal importance to remind you that you were talking with a distinguished man. There was an entire abnegation or forgetfulness of self when he entered on the great themes to which he naturally turned. As only the pure in heart who see God can do, he looked into the divine mind, into the nature of man and God, and their relations to one another. He studied the character and



the life of Jesus, and lived as few men ever have in sympathy with him. The plane of his daily thought was higher than that of any other man whom we have known. As he lived and moved and had his being among great spiritual truths, they seemed to utter themselves through him as with a divine authority. When he rose in the pulpit, he seemed to be encompassed by the eternal presence in which he lived, and to be speaking to us as he was moved to speak by the indwelling spirit of God. Thus he was prepared and set apart to be a leader in the great movement of the age for the spiritual emancipation, progress, and elevation of man and of society. Bunsen, in his great work, "God in History," says of him, "If such a man, whose life and conversation, in the sight of all his fellow-citizens, stand in absolute correspondence with the earnestness of his Christian language, and are without a spot, be not a prophet of God's presence in humanity, I know of none such." Other men may have been superior to him in some particulars. But for more than twenty years he was the leading spirit, and down to the present time, nearly thirty years since his death, his thoughts, translated into many languages, have been reaching abroad in ever-widening circles, and welcomed as glad tidings by the men who are foremost in leading the civilization of the world upward into a grander Christian liberty and a nobler type of Christian living.

In some sense, Dr. Channing may be regarded as the inspiration of this movement among us. But, associated with him, and engaged in the same cause, were men of independent minds, and of very rare and various endowments. Andrews Norton, the distinguished scholar and biblical critic, with powers of logical investigation in which few persons have ever surpassed him, was for nearly twenty years at the head of the department of sacred learning and theology in Harvard University, and exercised an extraordinary influence over the young men in the Divinity School. His "Statement of Reasons for not Believing in the Trinity," and his work on the "Evidences of Christianity," are among the ablest works of the kind ever produced; and some of the

hymns which he wrote are among the most perfect and beautiful in our language.

In 1824, the Boston pulpit was occupied by men who, by their talents and learning, their purity of heart and life, their piety, their loftiness of purpose, and the generous views and aims which they held up in their preaching, were fitted to make a lasting impression upon their hearers, to enlarge their Christian consciousness, and to help society on into a freer and richer Christian civilization. It is with feelings of grateful and loving reverence that we think of them, and of the work which they accomplished. John Pierpont, the philanthropist and poet, the keenest of reasoners and critics,—too ingenious, perhaps, in his reasoning to carry with him entire conviction,—fearless of consequences in the ardor with which he devoted himself to the cause of temperance and of antislavery, yet sometimes perhaps mistaking feelings caused by personal distress or by anger against his opponents for emotions of righteous indignation. Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, the bland and benignant gentleman, the kindly associate, so keen in his wit, and so tolerant in his judgments, the accomplished scholar, so brilliant in conversation, so precise and thorough in his investigations, so vigorous in thought, and yet perhaps not impressing others with a proper sense of the power that was in him because of a way which he had of seeming to play ever with the subjects on which he had the most affecting and solemn convictions. He too had the vision and the faculty divine of poetry, and wrote hymns which should last as long as sacred songs are read or sung. Francis Parkman, a faithful minister who magnified his office by his devotion to its duties, like a good bishop as he was, "given to hospitality," richly imbued with our New-England traditions in their letter and their spirit, loving to indulge in generous and charitable deeds, possessed by a sense of humor which beamed out from his every feature with a contagious merriment which few could resist. Charles Lowell, who went among his people with the benignity and the authority of an apostle, a genuine son of consolation, exhorting, cheering, counseling, and comforting, in the pul-

pit, or in his pastoral visits from house to house, — seldom undertaking to reason on difficult subjects, or to unfold in elaborate discussions the deep things of the spirit. Joseph Tuckerman, the friend and classmate of Channing, to whom he looked up with loving reverence as to a superior being, while Channing regarded him with almost equal reverence when engaged in his labors of love and mercy among the poor. He instituted the Ministry-at-Large, and by his personal influence and activity made it a great success. It was pleasant to see these two men together, the calm, thoughtful Channing talking on his great themes, or pausing in the midst of his grand discourse to ask for some practical information, when his delighted and admiring friend would reply with the enthusiastic impetuosity of his ardently impulsive nature.

Francis Pitt Greenwood, a man of saintly aspect and personal bearing, of the most delicate sensibilities, seeking for a better expression of the religious sentiment in the æsthetic arts, and especially in church architecture, a vigorous writer, of faultless correctness in all his habits and tastes, entering heartily into all the great movements for a more liberal faith, and carrying with him, through years of feeble health, the serenity, the sweetness, the inward strength of a devout and heavenly spirit. His brother-in-law, Samuel Barrett, a plain, earnest man, of sound judgment and practical ability, was so much engaged in his parish duties, and took for himself a place so little conspicuous, modestly and generously encouraging his brethren as if he were the least among them all, that he was not much known abroad. What Father Taylor once said of another might well have been applied to him, when, after speaking warmly in praise of a brother minister, he added, in his subdued and most impressive tone, "But you see very little of him: he is always standing behind his Master."

Alexander Young was a strong man, formed in the sturdy Anglo-Saxon mould, usually cold and undemonstrative in his manners, but very charming when his countenance *was* lighted up with a smile which warmed you all through. He

was a sound theologian, especially familiar with the English divines. The public owe him more than they know for the admirable selections which he made from the old English prose writers, and for his critical researches into our early New-England history. No meeting of the Boston Association at that time would have been complete without the grand and joy-inspiring presence of Dr. Pierce, of Brookline, who knew everybody and everything belonging to the neighborhood for the last fifty years, and had an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, of hopeful enthusiasm, of kindly feeling, and of stories relating to ministers of the olden time. The sunshine of his believing, happy nature was everywhere a most welcome and harmonizing element. It would be impossible in a single sentence, or indeed in many sentences, to describe the intellectual and moral qualities, the Christian gifts and graces, the ardent personal feelings breaking through his usually absent or abstracted demeanor, the bursts of religious enthusiasm or of rich poetic fervor in the midst of the plainest prose, or the zeal and entire self-forgetfulness in every good word and work which gained for Henry Ware, Jr., more than for any one else, the good-will, and, we might say, the love and confidence of the whole community. These men belonged to the Boston Association, but other men, animated by the same spirit, were engaged in the same work in other places. There was Nathan Parker, of Portsmouth, N.H., a hater of all shams, a most thoroughly devout and honest man, of a commanding personal presence, and an admirable illustration of "the upright, downright, roundabout common sense," which, united with his perfect integrity of character, gave to his deliberately expressed opinion the authority of a judicial decision. In Portland, Me., was Ichabod Nichols, a profound thinker, as delicate and tender in his sensibilities as a woman, with the simplicity of a child, and the largeness of apprehension belonging to a philosopher, with the imagination of a seer, and the faith of a disciple. Jared Sparks had then just left his parish in Baltimore, and exchanged the labors of the ministry for those of the historian. Samuel Gilman, with his fine poetic nature, his care-

ful culture, and deep religious enthusiasm, was winning souls to Christ in Charleston, S.C. Converse Francis, in Watertown, was heaping up in his capacious mind those vast stores of knowledge which he enjoyed so much, but seemed never to have time thoroughly to arrange and digest. George R. Noyes, in some remote country town, Brookfield or Petersham, was beginning to exercise his remarkable powers as a biblical scholar and translator, while Alvan Lamson, in the quiet town of Dedham, was modestly pursuing his studies with a keenness of critical insight, a breadth and minuteness of research, a thoroughness of investigation, a vigor of intellect, and a perfect truthfulness of purpose, which made him one of the ablest theologians and one of the most accomplished scholars of his day. In a remote and obscure Connecticut village, the pastor of a small society there, was Samuel Joseph May, learning to practice the first great lessons of Christian brotherhood which he carried out in a life of such heroic intrepidity and gentleness that Pres. White, of Cornell University, standing by his open grave, in Syracuse, on the day of his burial a few weeks ago, was able to say with perfect truthfulness, "Here lies before us all that was mortal of the best man, the most truly Christian man I have ever known; the purest, the sweetest; the fullest of faith, hope, and charity; the most like the Master. For nearly thirty years he has blessed us; for all these years his very presence has been a benediction to us." In Springfield, William B. O. Peabody was looking into nature with the eye of a poet and a Christian believer, studying the Scriptures with profound reverence, and making the lessons which they taught beautiful by his life and conversation; carrying in his mind the best results of modern scholarship and the finer essence of the old Puritanism, enriching the pages of our ablest journals with the witty, graceful, instructive productions of his genius, delighting those with whom he came into personal relations by the charm of his conversation, and impressing deeply those who listened to the mighty words of religious instruction and religious trust which he spoke from the pulpit.

Time would fail us to speak of all whom we would gladly mention as belonging to this goodly fellowship. Bancroft, of Worcester; Thayer, of Lancaster; Porter, of Roxbury; Reed, of Bridgewater; Kendal, of Plymouth; the elder Ware and his son, William Ware, of New York; Flint and Brazer, of Salem; Field, of Weston; Abiel Abbot, of Beverly, and his brother-in-law, bearing the same name, in Peterborough, N.H.; the two Ripleys, father and son; Bernard Whitman, and his brother, Nathaniel, with many others, might be added to our list. These have all passed away. But there are three of Dr. Gannett's earliest associates who are still among us, rich in all that can make the crowning years of life beloved and honored, or beautiful and sacred among men. In 1832-33, we heard from Dr. Palfrey, in the college chapel at Cambridge, a course of sermons which have always seemed to us the best examples that we have ever met of what sermons on Christian ethics should be. His labors in the Divinity School were marked by great intellectual clearness and ability, by the most pains-taking care, and widely extended and accurate learning. In other and trying emergencies he has proved his right to speak with authority on what our religion requires of us in the higher and more difficult walks of Christian living. The first sermons that we ever heard in Massachusetts were preached by James Walker, of Charlestown. The words of wisdom and of power which he has spoken from the pulpit and elsewhere, during a period of fifty years, the weighty offices which he has held, and the influence for good which he has had on many successive classes of students in our University, the feeling of respect and gratitude with which he is regarded throughout the community by those most worthy of honor, give him a commanding place among the great and able men with whom he was associated nearly half a century ago. In the beautiful valley of the Housatonic within sight of the Berkshire hills, amid scenes familiar to him in his childhood and early youth, the greatest preacher of our denomination, next to Channing, is now living, in the full maturity and enjoyment of all his powers, followed to

the place of his retirement by the grateful affections and blessings of many whose lives have been made happier and better by the lessons which they have learned from him.

Mr. Gannett's college classmates and life-long friends, William Henry Furness and Calvin Lincoln, were not settled in the ministry till after his ordination. Mr. Lincoln assisted at the deeply impressive funeral services in the Arlington-Street Church, and we have before us a copy of the sermon which he preached to his own people in Hingham the following Sunday. It is an affectionate, appreciative, discriminating memorial, bringing out with delicate touches the features of his friend as he held them enshrined in his heart, bearing grieved and admiring testimony to the endearing and substantial qualities of his mind and character.

Looking back on these men as they were when we first knew them, and regarding them calmly in the light of what they have been and done, we cannot but think of them as deserving honorable mention in any record of what deserves most to be remembered in the history of their times. Not one among them all was what could be called a popular or sensational preacher. They never appealed to the prejudices or the passions of their hearers. For the most part without official position, exercising no ecclesiastical or civil authority, speaking in the name of reason and humanity, and of him who came to emancipate reason and humanity from every yoke of bondage, almost everywhere in a minority, and everywhere spoken against, they so earnestly sought after the truth, so gave themselves to their work, so lived amid the Christian virtues and graces, so stood up in defense of the free and generous Gospel of Christ, so set forth its duties and its hopes, and so illustrated and applied them not only with unusual charms of thought and style, but with the richer eloquence and more winning beauty of their lives, that their words have gone out through all the earth, and their influence has been felt in every humane enterprise, in every movement towards a better civilization, in the literature, the philosophy, the general education, and especially the theological culture of the age. Except in the great



world-wide epochs of religious and moral revolution which like the advent of Christ and his second coming in the days of the Reformation, — periods widely separated by intervening centuries, — we doubt whether any body of men, by the quiet force of thought and life, have ever done more in a single half century to advance the best influences of religion and humanity.

Into this goodly fellowship of honest, faithful, accomplished men, Ezra Stiles Gannett was admitted, on the 30th of June, 1824, at the early age of twenty-three, when he was ordained, and associated with Dr. Channing as the Junior Pastor of the Federal-Street Society in Boston. From the beginning he was placed in a most responsible and difficult position. Dr. Channing was the great preacher of the denomination, and produced on his hearers profound and lasting impressions. He was regarded with a reverence such as we have never seen paid to any other human being. Often it was not known till the services began, whether he or his colleague was to preach. The disappointment of the audience could not fail sometimes to be seen and keenly felt by a person of Mr. Gannett's self-distrusting and sensitive nature. In the presence of the greatest religious genius of the age, speaking to an audience many of whom had come there with other expectations than to hear the youthful pastor, he must often have labored under circumstances which would have sorely disturbed and paralyzed a man of less genuine humility or of a faith less ardent than his own. "Whoever accepts that office," said the elder Ware, "takes his life in his hand." He gave himself with all his soul and strength to his work, in season and out of season. He soon came to be felt as a living and efficient power. His endowments of mind and heart were appreciated more and more. His conscientious fidelity, his singular union of confidence and self-distrust, his clear and rapid intellectual perceptions, his plaintive, fervent, pathetic appeals to the heart and conscience, his untiring personal devotion to his people, pleading with them for their good, his tender, affecting interest in them could not fail to gain a hold upon their confidence and love.



But the labors of those early years of his ministry were too severe. The task that was put upon him was too great. In 1836 his health gave out. He went abroad for year or a two. But his constitution was seriously impaired, and from that time to the day of his death, although he worked in every department of his profession as few men did, yet through those five and thirty years he labored under conditions of bodily infirmity which must have broken down a spirit less resolute and less bound up in the duties of his calling. He who was so thoughtful of others seemed to have no mercy on himself. The wonder was that such a body could bear so long as it did the burdens which he laid upon it.

He was a man to suggest new methods of action, but not one of those good men who having made the suggestion leave it for others to do the work. Between 1825 and 1832 the Unitarian Association was organized, and no man worked harder or with more ability than he to carry it on. Many denominational publications were issued, and everywhere he held the laboring oar. During those ten years, he said a few months ago, more energetic work was done for the Denomination than ever since then, "but," he added, "very little was said about it." A real battle has little to do with the sounding of trumpets. His editorial duties, at different times, were many and laborious. For nine years, we believe, he edited "The Christian Examiner," with his friend Dr. Lamson, and never was more intelligent, conscientious, unsparing or effective labor bestowed on that very able periodical. Dr. Lamson was the scholar. But Dr. Gannett knew where to find the knowledge that he wanted, and between the two the most scrutinizing attention was given to every article that passed under their editorial inspection.

Dr. Gannett was not a man of intuitions, but gifted with a very large development of the reasoning faculties. He saw what he saw at all with perfect clearness. His faith in what he believed at all was without any shadow of doubt or misgiving. He was therefore impatient of religious musings which have no substantial intellectual basis to stand upon.

He felt himself shut out from that whole region of spiritual speculations or imaginings, into which many devout persons are led by their affections, and where they dwell amid visions of ideal life and beauty which they learn to love and cling to as objects of Christian faith. There was no place for him beyond what is distinctly revealed by reason or the Gospel of Christ. This caused him to appear to some people to be hard and bare in his doctrines, especially in his views of what awaits us when we pass beyond this mortal life. This peculiarity may have lessened his power in dealing with some of the finer sensibilities and affections. But no man could be more tender in his ministrations to the afflicted. No one could enter into their feelings with a more delicate sympathy, or make their sorrows more entirely his own. Whatever consolations his reason allowed him to accept as true, and to receive into his own heart in his times of tribulation, he would pour into their hearts with a gentleness and pathos which only those who have known him at such times could understand. Wherever he could find his stricken and afflicted parishioners, whether near or far off, through cold or heat, through storm and darkness, this seemingly diseased and almost helpless man took his way to them, and with a voice and countenance full of the sweetest sympathy soothed and comforted them.

But his strong forte lay in his logical ability united with religious fervor. This, with his sense of fairness to others, his almost superstitious reverence for what he regarded as the truth, and the perfect clearness of his intellectual conceptions and statements, gave him peculiar power as a controversial theologian. His rapidity and logical exactness of thought, his precision and felicity of expression, united as they were with a glow of religious enthusiasm, increasing in freedom and fervor as he went on from one to another branch of his subject, peculiarly fitted him to be an extempore debater. In this department of professional duty he had no equal in his own profession, and, as we once heard a distinguished lawyer say, no superior in the legal profession. His greatest success before the public was in the different courses

of controversial lectures which he gave on the great doctrines of Christianity. They were given to crowded audiences, and listened to with absorbing interest. They were sometimes two or three hours long. But we have been told that there were persons who allowed themselves to be locked into his church at the close of the afternoon service that they might be sure of a seat at the evening lecture. Many of the truest gifts of eloquence showed themselves at those times. He needed the excitement of the occasion and the audience, with the pressure thus put upon him, to bring all his faculties into full and vigorous action.

When he was speaking extempore, there was a peculiar aptness, and sometimes a remarkable poetic beauty in his illustrations. One we remember, but not the words he used, ten or twelve years ago, when speaking, at one of our anniversary meetings, of the brethren who had been associated with him in the early period of his ministry. "We no longer see them," he said, "but the very place is filled with the fragrant memories which they have left behind. As I think of them I seem like one walking by night through gardens of flowers where he sees nothing, but the air is filled with perfumes which tell him how sweet and beautiful they are."

Thus it is, amid the perfume which still lingers around their names, that we have spoken of them and of him. He was a man severe with himself in his habits of thought and in the tasks which he laid upon himself. But he was a man all alive with kindly affections. He delighted to exercise himself in offices of brotherly kindness. He could be as playful and as sportive as a child among his friends, and never more so, we are told, than during the last few weeks of his life. He loved his sacred office. He loved to preach. In his vacations and intervals of rest he loved to go to church. He loved his brethren in the ministry. There was no one who would go farther or submit to greater discomfort in order to do the humblest among them a favor. If in the heat of a discussion on some exciting topic he should happen to use what might be considered a harsh expression, how

quick he was to see and acknowledge the wrong! One evening in talking with a young minister he said something which it seemed to him, after his friend was gone, might convey an unjust imputation against him. Late in the evening as it was, this dear good man went out across the city in quest of the young man whom he felt that he had wronged, and reaching his house after eleven o'clock at night, begged to be forgiven for the injury that he had done. Would that there were more of this spirit in the world!

He was strenuous in defending his own views, but equally strenuous in securing a hearing for those who differed from him. He loved his people, and earnestly sought out whatever might add to their virtue or happiness. He loved the poor, and no thought of self was allowed to stand in the way of his benefactions to them. He loved to be doing something, even in a place of public resort, to make those around him more comfortable and happy. He loved to be hospitable in his own house, and was perhaps one of the last to keep up the old ministerial hospitality of Boston in all its generous heartiness of act and speech. Herein he followed the Christian rule, not inviting those alone who could ask him again, or give distinction to the feast and host, but he loved especially to seek out some poor brother who might otherwise be neglected or forgotten, and make him a welcome and honored guest as if he were seeking a personal favor to himself. And how delightful he was at these gatherings under his own roof! how sweet, how alive with kindly feeling, how thoughtful of every one, how free and unconstrained, how gentle and sympathetic, how brilliant, too, in his conversation! How he was able to quicken the faculties of his guests, and to call out in them whatever was kindest or best!

He was perhaps more self-denying than self-forgetting, though no one could more entirely lose all thought of self than he did when engaged in his work. His humility showed itself in the disparagement of what he had done more than in any failure to recognize what was due to him as a minister of Christ, or what was required of him in the use he should make of his talents and opportunities. He

loved the duties and responsibilities of his profession. He loved his people and his church. Sometimes, as will happen in all our religious societies, young persons whom he had watched over with a father's care from their childhood, left his parish, either from the restlessness of youth or in quest of religious instruction better fitted to their peculiar wants. It pained him to have them go. But he knew that it was all owing to some deficiency in him. He was grieved, and led to look more carefully into himself to find what it was that was wanting there. But no word or look of unkindness or reproach was ever given to them. Old parishioners loved and valued him. New members came into his society, and were welcomed and watched over by him with the tenderest interest, but they could never take the place of those who had left him so as to remove the feeling that it was through some fault of his that they had gone away.

He was not of a hopeful temperament. But he labored none the less earnestly on that account. Conscience supplied the place of hope. If not animated by the prospect of success, he still worked on with steadfastness of purpose and unremitting ardor. It was so not only in his own work, but in the view which he took of other men's labors and the services which he rendered them.

Dr. Eliot of St. Louis in his sermon to his own people on Dr. Gannett thus speaks of these traits:—

“He felt wrong and injustice keenly, but bore no malice, and forgave with that perfect forgiveness which forgets the wrong and shields the wrong-doer. His life was so full of noble deeds, his eloquence was so masterly, his wisdom was so reliable, his capacity of working was so wonderfully great, his readiness to work for every good cause was so inexhaustible, that he continually found himself at the head of every enterprise, and men counted upon him as a host, and whether he would or no he was for all those forty-five years of service a leader and standard-bearer among men who were themselves qualified to be such, but who yielded to him or forced upon him the precedence. And yet his humility, his self-depreciation, his lowly estimate of himself and of all he did, were so unaffectedly sincere, that when all men were praising and looking up

to him, and crowds hung upon the words of his lips, and there were none to answer, he was oppressed with the feeling of his insignificance, and prayed that God would forgive his short-coming and inefficiency. I doubt if he ever said, *I have done this or that*; but only, I have tried, and am sorry that it was no better.

"He was not naturally of a sanguine or hopeful temper, and in so far the motive and encouragement to work were not so great as to many others. He took discouraging views of his work and of surrounding influences. He often thought that things were going very wrong. But in his work and duties his conscientious earnestness took the place of every other motive. To do his part well was the great necessity imposed upon him, and he worked with a will. He might discourage you, but he would work for you and with you, and command the success he did not dare to promise.

"Thirty-six years ago, when I was a beginner here, and we were about to make an appeal for help to our New-England friends, he heard that I was going there for that purpose, and with his frank honesty he wrote me a long letter. I have it yet, and read it over only a few weeks since. He advised me not to undertake any such thing. 'You will only bring disappointment upon yourself and your cause. You may beg your tongue off, and little will come of it.' That was not encouraging, but it did me good, for it showed that there was no easy task before me. I went on, certainly expecting no help from him. But he no sooner saw me than he entered into all my thoughts and plans, and to him, more than to all others put together, we owed whatever success we gained. Our religious enterprise may be traced to him and his congregation as its principal promoters. When he stood in this church, some years ago, he looked upon what was to no small extent his own work. There are some men who are ready enough to encourage, and say, 'Go in and win'; but they themselves do not touch your burden with one of their fingers. If he sometimes went to the other extreme, I for one have good reason to thank him for it."

When, worn down with the exhausting labors of a ministry of nearly half a century, he asked that his connection with his people might be dissolved, and they, wishing to continue his salary, consented to release him from preaching, it was almost like the sundering of soul and body for him to be thus separated during the services from those whose moral and spiritual improvement had been, so long, the one thought

dearest to his heart, and entering most deeply into all the habits and affections of his life.

Time and change and rest had restored health to his diseased and shattered nerves. He was entirely himself again. He enjoyed the last summer with something of the playful hilarity of his happiest days. He preached with his former ability and fervor, delighting especially in labors of love. His last sermon from the pulpit, six days before his death, was from the words; "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame and am set with my Father in his throne." In the evening of the same Sunday, at his boarding-house in Whitefield, among the White Mountains, he preached from the words, "Grow in grace," and his sermon, said one who heard it, "was so good, fervent, beautiful." "Once before this last Sunday," said one of his fellow-boarders, we had had the parlor evening service at his house—a service I can never forget—Unitarians from Cambridge, Providence, and New Orleans, Methodists from Vermont, an Orthodox lady from Rhode Island, and the Baptist family under whose roof we met, formed the congregation. After the prayer and singing, and the reading of a part of the Sermon on the Mount, Dr. Gannett read to us one of his most thoughtful and most spiritual discourses. The subject was the old, old theme, "Man's Knowledge of God." The central thought of the sermon was the impossibility of finding God by the searching of the understanding—the possibility of knowing him by the reverent approaches of faith. But the profound argument, the transparent beauty of the style, the clear definition of the nature of Christian faith, and the solemn earnestness which pervaded the entire discourse—these no report can adequately present. And the conviction came into the mind of at least one listener that it is a sign of the decay of the modern pulpit, and of its bondage to the enervating tyranny of sensational preaching, that the fashion of sermons like this is passing away."

These last services with Christians of different name may be an emblem of the wider sympathies and broader, heartier



communion of soul with soul which was already awaiting this meek and lowly and loving follower of Christ. On Saturday evening, the 26th of August, while he was on his way to the duties of the coming Sabbath, the messenger of God met him. His warfare was accomplished. His labor of love on earth was finished. He has joined again the glorious band of devout and faithful men, once his companions and fellow-laborers here, and now with him numbered among the saints in glory everlasting.

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## TIME THE PRESERVER.

BY ALEXANDER YOUNG.

TIME has usually been represented as the inexorable destroyer. If a great empire, after years of prosperity, falls into decay, either through domestic dissensions or foreign conflict, the result is charged to the influence of time. The sentimental traveler, musing among the ruins of ancient monuments, refers their disintegration to its remorseless tooth. When works of literature or art which once enjoyed popularity cease to interest the public, time is held responsible. This serves to point the moral of homilies on the perishable nature of literary fame, and the mournful strain is chanted for the benefit of unfledged aspirants.

We are tired of this sort of teaching. It wearies us to have Macaulay's New Zealander sit forever on the ruins of London Bridge, or his naked fisherman continually wash his nets in the mastless Thames. The tramp of hurrying feet—the full tide of human life, as Dr. Johnson phrased it—is to our mind preferable to this gloomy sentimentalism. There is more real interest in the homeless vagrant crouching under those massive arches, with no friend but God in the wide world, than in these Maori reporters “doing” the



ruins for Van Dieman's Land gazettes. Even the turbid Thames has a deeper interest for us than if it were clean enough for the nude barbarian to wash his nets in. Give us a hold on human sympathy rather than all this sickly sentimentality! It is better to be braced for duty by contact with daily life than to indulge in opiate dreams of mere speculation.

Really, the idea of time as a great destroyer seems unnatural and unjust. It arises from misapprehension. Neither poetry nor romance can give vitality to such a view. The old man with his hour-glass and scythe measuring off the span of human life which he cuts down without compunction, is as forbidding as the three Fates. Such a doctrine seems only appropriate among a people to whom time is the end of all things, if we can imagine a nation with such a godless creed. "Death is an eternal sleep," was the motto which the atheistic anarchy of France inscribed on public cemeteries; but even the club of the Jacobins were forced to admit that this assumption was an impious mockery, and Robespierre himself declared, that, if there were no God, it would be necessary to create one. To those who regarded death as an eternal sleep, who, like the disciples of Lucretius, planted their glory in the grave, the close of life, without the compensation for its trials which another state of existence affords, would be naturally accounted gloomy. For life, however miserable, is a possession to which we eagerly cling, unwilling to surrender even its calamities, though conscious of the nobler life beyond. What, then, must have been the feelings of those who, having no such assurances, contemplated the return of the human clod to dust and the annihilation of the soul? Would it be strange for them to regard time as a destroyer, the Chronos who devoured his children? Can we wonder that pagan philosophy so often culminated in suicide, that the illustrious disciple of Zeno could find no other refuge in misfortune than his trusty sword? This was the creed of the Stoic, not the faith of the Christian. The beautiful picture of Delaroche symbolizes the saintly peace of the martyr round whose head the aureole is gleaming as her body

floats down the sullen Tiber. Her sufferings are over. Time has preserved her for eternity.

A superficial view of human affairs might indeed lead to this erroneous conception of time. The decay of all matter which is constantly going on, the crumbling ruins and mutilated statues which are all that is left of many masterpieces of ancient art, and the extinction of peoples who once filled the world with glory, might well point such a gloomy moral. But a little reflection will convince us that this is but a narrow view of the office of time. We must look at this question in its length and breadth, and regard not incidental and temporary, but ultimate and permanent results. We do not call the enterprising architect a destroyer, who pulls down structures and erects others more beautiful in their place, although destruction is an essential part of his work. He is to be judged by Pope's rule: "In every piece regard the writer's end." The surgeon who amputates his patient's leg is no destroyer, though he removes that which all the resources of his art can never supply. His ultimate object is to save life, though in doing it he has to destroy the appliances which give it so much usefulness. The glittering knife of the surgeon, which searches the crimson springs of existence, is as truly a messenger of life as the raven that fed Elijah in the wilderness.

To call time a preserver, and not a destroyer, is only an affirmation of the well-settled scientific doctrine that matter is indestructible. In the changes which are constantly taking place in its form, there is no diminution of its quantity. No particle of it is ever lost. The chemist may bring the most powerful agents to bear on any substance, and, though he may so completely change its form as to make it unrecognizable, he cannot annihilate any part of it. In some shape or other it will elude his disintegrating touch and remain the same in quantity as when first subjected to his experiments. Moreover, it has been asserted on high authority that waves of sound, once set in motion, move on in rhythmic cadences for ages, so that words uttered by an orator in England will vibrate; long after his tones are hushed, amid Australian for-

ests. It may well be that words spoken in time will only crystallize to their ultimate significance in eternity, when alone their influence and import can be accurately known.

But time is something more than a preserver of the primal elements of matter. Whatever is most valuable in material substances is preserved as long as it can be useful to the world, and time then reduces it to dust. How long the masterpieces of philosophy, literature, and art remain to instruct and elevate the race! The sacred books of the elder age, the Hindoo Vedas, the writings of Confucius, the Koran, containing, with all their imperfections, so much of solid worth, and enforcing the great truths of morality to nations deprived of a purer faith, have survived the pressure of centuries on which the Pyramids look down. Their superior, the Bible, stands to-day, as it has stood for ages, unharmed by the assaults of infidelity or the advance of science, the hope and comfort of countless millions. Homer and Virgil, Shakespeare, Dante, and Cervantes, seem as fresh now as when they first charmed the world. Some lesser lights shine less brightly, but have not yet gone out. Others have done their work in their generation, and time has dimmed their lustre. But librarians of our great libraries tell us that the most obscure books are sought for by the scholar who finds some fact or fancy which helps him to expound the truth. Macaulay wrote his history from forgotten tracts and pamphlets buried in the British Museum. Motley ransacks dusty archives for the essential materials of his brilliant works. Carlyle crowds his canvas with colors long since dim on other pages, but which shine with fresh lustre in his. In a delightful essay on "The Art of Bookmaking," Irving shows us how ancient writers are used by the moderns, and pictures venerable authors in a great library restored to life, and stripping a grave professor and a gossip compiler of their stolen finery. Even novelists not only obtain their plots, but sometimes their ideas and language, from the productions of their predecessors. Bulwer's "Caxtons" is not merely modeled on "Tristram Shandy," but the salient situations and expressions of Sterne are easily recognizable

through the verbal varnish of the baronet. Our current speech is full of thoughts and expressions of the distant past. It is fossil history and poetry. The Crispin agitator who is told that he had better stick to his last, is unconscious that his true rebuker is a Greek painter who has been dead more than two thousand years. Nor does the facile quoter know that the expression when used by the Romans referred to the great labor and skill which the luxury of that day required from the shoemaker, giving him no time for other work. Even the elaborate wit of Sheridan, which was kept bottled up for seemingly unpremeditated use, has been traced back to some Egyptian diner-out. Humboldt mentions a parrot in one of the South American villages that was said by the natives to speak the unknown tongue of an extinct tribe. How many of us, like the Aturian parrot, repeat phrases, unconscious of their meaning, to hearers equally unconscious! Nowadays everybody is talking about the tariff, but few know the origin of the word. It is derived from "Tarifa," a promontory in Spain extending into the Straits of Gibraltar, where the Moors formerly levied duties on merchandise in passing vessels. Such is the significance which, through the ages, lies embalmed in words!

Time preserves the best works of sculpture and painting as well as literature. These masterpieces of ancient art are the wonder and despair of modern students. The "beautiful disdain" in the eye of the Belvedere Apollo, which caught the admiring glance of Byron, seems intended to baffle ambitious but incompetent modelers. Raphael's Madonnas are still the type of ideal beauty. No copyist has ever depicted the sorrowful beauty of the Cenci as she irradiates Guido's canvas, or the supernal loveliness of the seraph saints of Fra Angelico. Criticism measures even their imperfections by deviation from their own standard. It is a suggestive fact that the most fragile objects of ancient art are in perfect preservation. While the antiquary finds tremendous masses of crumbling masonry and galleries of mutilated statues, he meets with delicate vases and cups of porcelain which time has spared. Nineveh and Egypt furnish many examples of

this enduring fragility. Among the interesting memorials of Assyrian art there are none more touching than the terracotta effigies of dogs that are supposed to have been royal favorites. When they died their figures were preserved, to keep their names bright through the dusty ages. The permanence which is denied to the temple is vouchsafed to the vase. Time preserves the form and name of the dog, but gives no traces of his master. Rings of porcelain, so delicate that *savans* tell us they could not have been designed for use, still show the bas-reliefs cut by cunning Egyptian artists whose names have perished. Among the most exquisite remains of ancient art are the intaglios worn by the Greeks and Romans in their rings, some of which have a personal as well as historic celebrity. Many of them are as perfect to-day in their finish and polish as when issued from the studios of Dioscorides and his pupils eighteen centuries ago. Their delicate beauty can only be fully appreciated under the microscope, which shows no trace of time's corroding touch. Nothing brings back the past like these memorials. Even the great Pyramid, which is his majestic monument, does not recall the personality of Cheops so vividly as his signet ring preserved in the British Museum. Who would not gladly part with "the new-born gauds" of modern jewelers for one of these venerable relics? They speak to us of habits and associations symbolized by no other objects; for rings formerly had a significance which does not now attach to them.

Geology shows us the strata of the earth's surface composed of layers almost as nicely arranged as shells in the cabinet of the conchologist. The great forests of the carboniferous era, after affording shade and sustenance to gigantic antediluvian reptiles, have, by the divine alchemy, been turned into beds of coal for the uses of civilization. It is a strange thought that the lump of bitumen, whose ruddy blaze cheers the weary student in the long winter night, once sheltered the extinct creatures whose fossil remains are piled up in our museums. Having served this useful purpose in the distant past, time preserves it for higher uses. The argument for design that Paley drew from the

mechanism of the watch, is even stronger in these deposits which have remained undisturbed for ages. The watch ticks only to the ear of the passing generation, but that lump of coal has heard the clock of the centuries. Yet there are stranger revelations still. We talk with wonder of the antiquity of the human race as it is revealed on the monuments of Nineveh and Egypt, where so many Biblical narratives are confirmed and illustrated; we look with admiration on bas-reliefs which represent the Assyrian coming down like a wolf on the fold, and see Sennacherib, with all his hosts, besieging the city of Lachish; we gaze with astonishment on triumphal processions of Egyptian kings who were contemporaries of Joseph and Moses: but these venerable remains are but of yesterday, compared with other memorials of man which time has preserved. Sixteen feet below the delta of the Mississippi, near New Orleans, beneath four cypress forests which have flourished and decayed, and over which the great river has deposited its mud for ages, a human skeleton was dug up by workmen, about twenty-five years ago. The birth of this man takes us back at least fifty thousand years. The skeleton of another man was found buried under the Mississippi bluffs in strata which show him to have lived not less than a hundred thousand years ago. This is the Man of Natchez, the oldest inhabitant, so far as we know, of this continent. But, venerable as he seems, he is, as has been well said, but a *parvenu* on this planet compared with men whose bones and implements have been found in the high mountain valleys and gravel-pits of Europe. The fossil man of Denise was buried long before his young American brother was born. The Engis and Neanderthal skulls are of still greater antiquity. Their owners, however, were not apes, but men, who had utensils and weapons of stone, and hunted the woolly rhinoceros, mammoth, cave-bear, hyena, and other extinct quadrupeds. Huxley and Lubbock, the advocates of the simian origin of the human race, confess that the oldest remains yet discovered, afford no confirmation of their theory. Time, that preserves abundant proof of man's antiquity, affords no evi-

dence of his retrogression. If the philosopher does not rise above the human level, the idiot cannot fall below it.

Time often preserves the physical and mental powers far beyond the ordinary span of human life. Fleeting as personal attractions seem, they sometimes linger till advanced age. Diana of Poitiers at sixty had the fresh bloom of early womanhood. "I've known a cheek at forty like a peach," says Leigh Hunt, and we all have seen the fires of youth beneath the snows of fourscore. Great artists, authors, and statesmen have retained their physical and mental vigor to a late period. This generation has witnessed the giants of politics and law, Brougham, Lyndhurst, and Sugden, grappling with great public questions, and the life and ornament of society, when long past eighty. Humboldt was spared to science till ninety. Our own Quincy rounded nearly a century of vigorous life. Hallam lived far beyond the grand climacteric of his well-used years.

But, though death may be premature, time must still be regarded as a preserver. Life is not measured by length of years, but by depth of experience. It is a school where youth may gain the needed discipline whose value age could not enhance. Even suffering and disease have beneficial uses. The sun may set in clouds and storm, and yet rise in an unclouded sky. Whether the summons come early or late, it equally subserves the purposes of infinite wisdom and goodness. The work may be incomplete here, but more important duties await the perfected powers hereafter. What though the great author die in the zenith of usefulness and honor while thousands hang entranced over his unfinished pages! Time preserves him from the changes of mortality for the nobler life beyond. When Raphael died in the flush of opening manhood, his last and greatest work, the colors still wet upon the canvas, was hung over his lifeless remains at his funeral, the fitting symbol of that other Transfiguration which gladdened his spiritual vision.

*"Emigravit* be the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies:  
Dead he is not, — but departed, — for the artist never dies."



OUR SAVIOUR AN OFFENSE TO THE PIOUS OF  
HIS DAY FOR HIS LITTLE FAITH AND FOR  
HIS GREAT FAITH.

A SERMON. BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the Sabbath, but said also, that God was his Father, making himself equal with God.—JOHN v. 18.

“WOE unto you,” said Jesus, “when all men speak well of you; for so did their fathers of the false prophets.” The true servant of God is bitterly hated as well as dearly loved. It is one of the sure and constant notes of truth that it awakens opposition. Precious ointment, and more precious tears of penitence, are provided for the feet of the Christ; but for his head and his side there are the thorns and the spear. Those who love darkness must needs hate the light, and when they are seen to contract their brows and hide their faces you may be sure that the dayspring is come. It is enough for the disciple to be as his Master, to be loved as he was loved, to be hated as he was hated. If there is in the world any true Christianity, any Christianity approaching nearer to the Master’s standard than the average religion of Christendom, it would be fair to expect that even in these days it would be an offense to most, that they would seek to put an end to it, and that for substantially the same reasons which were alleged by the Jews in justification of their hatred of the Christ. As it is the grand and singular prerogative of our immortal religion to renew her youth, yea, to be born again, from age to age, so fresh misunderstandings, oppositions, and even persecutions must accompany these new advents. Of course a doctrine or denomination may be deservedly unpopular,—unpopular because of its denials and its coldness and its worldliness; but, on the other hand, nothing can be more shallow than to confound the popular endorsement with the divine seal, and to fail to recognize the testimony which is born for the truth by those who cannot

or will not understand it. There will be, from time to time, as Christian years go on, a little flock to which it will be blessed to belong. It is the Father's good pleasure to give them the kingdom. The future, if not the present, is theirs. Bags that wax not old and a treasure in the heavens are provided for them. They have reason to be encouraged if they find that their experience is but the counterpart of the Master's experience,—if some who are not wicked cannot, and more who are wicked will not, receive their word. A cause may be in the minority, and everywhere spoken against because it is a poor cause. Beware of the conceit which complains of misunderstanding and persecution. And yet never forget that there ought to be somewhere a cause which is eminently unpopular because it is eminently good, a cause whose supporters ought to be and will be the gladdest and the hopefulest of mankind, anointed like their Master with the oil of joy above their fellows.

And it is interesting in this connection to learn from St. John what it was in the Christ which so embittered the Jews against him. They said that he was a Sabbath-breaker; that he made light of sacred things,—but that was not the worst,—they sought the more to kill him, because he, being in the form of a man and subject at all points to human infirmities, had claimed the nearest kinship with the unseen Father. Now, I can easily conceive that there should be Christians in Christendom, not gathered, it may be, anywhere into a visible company, least of all into a professing sect, but rather scattered up and down and abroad, who are looked upon with suspicion and opposed because they also are at once not religious enough and too religious,—denying what others believe, believing what others deny, free in their interpretation and use of recognized sanctities, profoundly persuaded of the religiousness of human life and the absolute supremacy of the moral sentiment.

There is a spiritual Christianity,—a Christianity inspired of Christ, which must be content to be misunderstood because with the Master it subordinates the letter and the form to the spirit and the life; because it believes that the

Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath ; that the Bible is the record of a revelation, not the revelation itself, the word of God indeed, but not God. There is a spiritual Christianity which must be content to be misunderstood because it will not consent to confound any ordinance, however Scriptural or ancient or helpful or beautiful, with the love which is the end of the commandments. They called him a Sabbath-breaker, and he was one if Pharisaism was to be allowed to write the law of Sabbatical observance ; and yet let no one claim fellowship with Christ, and a share in his reproach, on the score of what too often boasts itself as liberty, but is only license. Christ made reverent use of the Sabbath even while he was bringing in a better day. He did not confound a superstitious observance with a wise recognition. He knew that the means are not to be neglected by those who seek for the end, and that only a fool will throw away the ladder because it is so much more refreshing to his spirit to gaze at the prospect from the top of the house than to climb the rounds. "I came," he said, "not to destroy, but to fulfill." If, my friend, you are chiefly conspicuous for your freedoms, and what is called your boldness ; for your forsaking of religious assemblies, and your inability to draw any line between the Bible and other books,—if you are ready on this score to claim a place in the van of humanity and among the despised and rejected, let me tell you that you belong, not to a small company, but to a very large one, the great multitude of Sadducees who, since the world began, have gloried in denial, and have been nothing if not critical. It need not be a little flock if those who are opposed to the superstitious use of sacred things could join hands with those who reject them altogether. It must be a little flock because for the Christian to be found with the deniers and despisers would be all one as if the Lord were to say with the Sadducees that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit, because the Pharisees in a bigoted way affirmed both.

Moreover,—and this consideration is vital,—the apparent irreverence of a true Christianity is ever only apparent,

and comes indeed of the abundance of a worshiping and believing soul, a soul which, because it has learned what that meaneth,—I will have mercy and not sacrifice,—cannot condemn the guiltless. How tender is such a soul towards the reverences and faiths of other souls; how incapable of that childishness which seeks to startle by what are called brave denials; how ready to perceive that there is virtue in the very hem of the garment which enrobes the form of a Holy One; how quick to uncover the head and to cease from all speech even in the temple which hath no sacredness save that which proceeds from the simple trust of those who bend in worship within its walls and before its altar! As we find among the straiter sects an intolerable bigotry, so among the freer sects do we find an intolerable insolence, a thrusting of what is called free thought upon those who would be free to believe as others are free not to believe, and who would like the privilege of reading their Bibles, and saying their prayers, without being told for the hundredth time that the Bible and praying are things of the past and useless from this time forward.

But if the company of the faithful is but small because so few can or will distinguish between religion and superstition, between reason in Christianity and reason without Christianity, it is made still smaller because the world is so slow to recognize the sacredness which may fairly be claimed for man's life. He said, "I am the Son of God." That angered them beyond endurance. When the high priest heard that, in answer, too, to his solemn adjuration, he rent his clothes and said, "What need of other witnesses." But why did He call himself the Son of God? Because He *was* the Son of God, and must say so though the cross was before him, because He knew that in his inmost being and essence He was Light of Light, begotten of the Father before all worlds, the Brightness of that Glory, the Image of that Person, as Eternal in his Sonship as his Father was Eternal in his Fatherhood. Very well: so say the Scriptures and the highest reason, and neither of them can be broken; but why did He appear on earth, Son of Mary as well as Son of God,

to be it and to say it? Why must He who is in the form of God be found in fashion as a man; why must the Bread of God come down from heaven? The answer is not far to seek. It was that human nature and human life from the inmost centre to the outermost circles might be thoroughly redeemed and consecrated, that there might be not only a holy temple, and holy priests and a holy nation, but a holy manhood; that we might see the capability of everything on earth to become the bread and wine of the everlasting life; that there might be no great gulf any longer between God and man, the divine and the human, the heavenly and the earthly; that God in Christ might reconcile all men unto himself. "The bread that I will give," said he, "is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." Not because this saying of the Christ clashed with Jewish Scripture or tradition, for it was in harmony, as He himself showed, with their deepest meaning and their prophetic purpose, but because their literal and formal piety had divorced human life from all that can impart to it any meaning, or light, or sweetness, or immortal hope, because they lived in a world which indeed had had a God once but had one no longer. "We know," they said, "that God spake by Moses, but as for this fellow we know not whence he is." It was the instinct of that conventional piety which is practical atheism that raged against his affirmation, until in the providence of God it was permitted to work his death. Now it is easy enough for us to say of Him in our day what he said of himself at such cost. It is orthodoxy to say so now — not to be left unsaid on that account — and yet consider that we do really say it, according to the spirit and meaning as well as according to the letter, when we declare that our true life can only be in God, and for God, that there can be no separation between our faith and our works, between our religion and our affairs, that we can no longer do anything save in the Spirit of Christ which is the Spirit of God, that, be the question what it may, of buying and selling, of governing and being governed, of man's rights or of woman's rights, of labor or of amusement, of hoarding or of spending, the Love incarnate in Jesus must give the law, and our Christianity must be in the deepest and

widest sense a practical Christianity, bringing God to man and man to God, not only in Judea but always and everywhere. What avails the great doctrine of Incarnation without a present fact of the Incarnation, of God with us? Patient of the theory, men go away when the illustration is added. They do not like any better than the Jews this mingling of the sacred and the secular. They forget that when the Christ died the veil of the Temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth rocked to its foundations, whilst the Holy One went forth to possess the whole world and hallow all life. Is it hard to understand how the Christianity which will be no less than born of God should make no rapid progress in our world? And yet there is no other Christianity: this is the reality which gives all color of life to every church that has a name to live. This is the leaven that shall leaven the whole lump. They who are found in this apostolic doctrine and fellowship are the ten righteous who can save the city. This must increase whilst all else shall decrease. It were an insufferable arrogance to say of any sect, These only are they who, believing in God, are led by the Spirit into all truth; but it is only true to say that all save those who so believe, however they may seem to thrive as a sect, have no part in the church of the living God.

One word more. The Master was persecuted unto death, but death is swallowed up in victory. It was so, not because he preached enlightened and liberal views about sacred things, but because he himself was divine and taught and lived a divine life. Bring God to men in earnest faiths and devoted works, and, though you may not be able to save yourself, you will save others; though your sect should perish your truth would live; you may be loved or hated, but you will not be long despised, and the ears that are stopped against the ingenious sayings of the theologian and the smart sayings of the liberal will be open and attentive to those who set forth a Christianity which means holiness unto the Lord, who preach Christ in us, the hope of Glory, the will of God to be done on earth as in heaven.

*Nov. 17, 1867.*

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

BY C. S. LOCKE.

IT is a fact worthy of our notice that the private daily life of Jesus is better known to us than that of many of the renowned men of ancient times. Historians have usually delineated the most remarkable occurrences in the lives of their heroes, or have preserved some striking word which they have spoken, while they have given us but little idea of their ordinary habits and conversations. We are well acquainted only with those great minds of antiquity whose ideas were committed to writing. Socrates may perhaps be considered as an exception, but it is probable that the conversations attributed to him by Xenophon and Plato were in a great degree the product of their own minds. Although we could have desired that the gospel narratives should have been much fuller and more minute, yet we are able to form a tolerably accurate idea how our Saviour spent his time and what was the tenor of his conversation. Four persons who were intimate with him, or who were closely connected with the apostles, wrote down the words and deeds of Jesus which they had recounted over and over again to wondering audiences. They did not try to give an estimate of his character. They did not seek for any graces of style, but merely tried to present in an intelligible manner some of the facts which they had witnessed and some of the parables and precepts to which they had listened. Sometimes they transpose the order of events. Sometimes they differ slightly in the report they give of his language, but it is easy enough to discern what Jesus was about and what were the teachings which they sought to convey. There was one day which appears to have been a prominent one in the memory of the apostles. All four of the evangelists narrate its story with more or less

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NOTE.—The writer of this article acknowledges in its preparation indebtedness to Dr. Wayland. See *Salvation by Christ*, Sermon XVI.



fullness. (See Matt. xiv., et seq., and parallel passages.) By its aid we are able to obtain a pretty good conception of the manner in which Jesus spent one of the days of his life. It is the object of this paper to reproduce the scenes and events of that day, and to see what lessons we can derive from them for the conduct of our daily life.

First, bring before your imagination the location where these occurrences took place. On the right hand flows the river Jordan, whose waters numerous travelers are fording on their way between Jerusalem and Damascus and the large towns of the vicinity. The lofty, snow-crowned summits of Lebanon and Hermon may be seen in the north and west. Before you lies the blue expanse of the Sea of Galilee, enclosed by frowning rocks, which here and there jut out far into the waters and then again retire from the land, leaving a level beach, and invite the labors of the fishermen. Probably it was a secluded spot whither Jesus and his disciples had often repaired for private conversations, some grassy dell shaded by the vine and palm, which the eye of Jesus, so observant of natural beauty, had selected as a suitable place for interviews with his dearest friends. To this favorite spot of meeting the apostles repaired, crossing over the head of the lake from Capernaum in a boat. They had just returned from their missionary tour. They had gone through the cities and villages of the surrounding country announcing that the long-expected heavenly king was at hand, and working benevolent miracles in attestation of their authority. Jesus had not yet announced himself to them as the Messiah, but such was his personal magnetism that they could do no otherwise than follow him, and such was the confidence and affection which he inspired that they obeyed without questioning his commands. As yet they knew but little of the nature of Christ's kingdom, a reign of right dispositions in the heart and of right principles in the world. Like the other Jews, they supposed it would be a visible, temporal sovereignty, with Jerusalem for its capital and the Old Testament for its statute book. They were not rid of errors and prejudices. Subsequent events show that they were

sometimes envious, ambitious and selfish; yet that love of Jesus had been kindled in their hearts which could enable him to lead them forward to a higher range of moral qualities. Now how does he go to work to produce this result? Does he talk to them about the culture of this and that quality, telling Peter that he is too rash, and Thomas that he is too skeptical, and Judas that he is too avaricious? Does he seek to give a full knowledge of his doctrines before they begin to teach? No: unprepared as they are, he sends them forth to teach and to preach, knowing that by *doing* something for him their zeal and affection would be increased. Not only would they prepare the minds of the people to receive Jesus when he should go among them, but by their efforts they would be rendered aware of their deficiencies and requirements. Questions would be asked which they would be unable to answer, and these they would carry to the great Teacher. Their temper would be tried by hostility, ridicule and indifference. They would perceive how much they stood in need of the instruction of Jesus and of his encouragement. They came back and told him all things, both what they had done and what they had taught, doubtless receiving from him suitable suggestions, corrections, and commendations. The mode which our Saviour employed for training the apostles not only disclosed a profound insight into the laws of human nature, but informs us how we may strengthen all good qualities, how we may become more deeply interested in every good undertaking.

Though our knowledge should be imperfect and our power for accomplishment small, still if we act, both knowledge and power will be increased. We shall learn by our mistakes and failures. By their means we shall become humble and teachable. By self-denial and effort, our earnestness and love will be increased. A thousand ships may sail across the sea, but we shall be concerned chiefly about the one which contains our merchandise or our friend. A thousand good objects may be before the world, but we shall be chiefly interested in that for which we have already exerted ourselves. The true remedy for indifference, for lack of faith and love, is

action. The frigidity and torpidity of body and soul are both cured by the same means. Stagnation and corruption are the result of inactivity, while organization, life, growth and loveliness are the product of effort. Labor for the advancement of Christianity, and you will be impelled to study the life and teachings of Christ for your guidance. Do or deny yourself something for the sake of justice, patriotism, truth and humanity, and you will become more just, patriotic and humane.

Upon their return from their missionary tour, the apostles probably first met Jesus at Capernaum. But here they were surrounded by a crowd of visitors, so they had no leisure even to eat. Those were there who were curious to see persons who had excited such a widespread interest; those who had sick to be healed, and those who wished to hold conversation with Jesus. He and the twelve were weary with the fatigue of traveling, and of meeting and talking with multitudes in the various villages and cities. He probably wished to give them advice and instruction where it could be done more freely than was possible when exposed to frequent interruptions, or when watched, it is possible, by jealous and hostile eyes. Besides, our Saviour, always reasonable, felt that there was a time, not only for labor, but for repose and recreation. Although the demand for his instruction and efforts was so urgent, he knew that duty did not require him or the apostles to go beyond their strength. He therefore invites them to come apart into the secluded spot in the wilderness which has been described, and to rest for a while. He knew that it would not do to keep the faculties always on the stretch, or the emotions always at a high pitch of excitement. There must be seasons of retirement and quiet as well as of those of diligence. Although we are under obligation to do our utmost, we are not to feel that it is by the carrying out of our ideas, or by the means of our activity, that the world is to be redeemed. If we do what we can, if we are faithful in the station which we occupy, we may trust to the great Architect of the universe to connect our work with the plan which he carries forward. We need retirement and rest in

order that the mind may not lose its balance, and become so absorbed in one good object that it shall neglect the claims of others that are equally worthy. Separate yourself occasionally from the influence which the opinions and character of others exert, and your own path of duty will become clearer, your methods of operation more definite, and your discernment of the requirements of your own character more distinct. Life is given us for labor; but it is to have its intervals of rest and relaxation. The growing plant needs the darkness and cooler air of night, in order to mature its fruit, as well as the brightness and the warmth of the day.

Jesus and the apostles sailed along the northern shore of the lake, seeking their favorite place of retirement. But not thus did they escape the eager crowd. Hardly had they stepped on shore when a multitude of five thousand had assembled together. They were drawn forth partly by the wonderful expectations which were current in reference to the Messiah. They wished to be with him when he set up his kingdom. Many of them brought their sick friends to be healed. Those who were wasting with consumption; those who were blind, lame, deaf, and dumb; those who were loathsome with leprosy; those insane persons who were thought to be under the control of demons,—came pressing forward anxious to be touched by our Saviour's healing hand. His heart was moved with compassion towards them. He was touched with the thought of their ignorance. He felt a desire to kindle in their hearts those sentiments which would improve their character, strengthen them against temptation, assist them to be trustful and submissive, and prompt them to faithfulness in the performance of their duties. But, before he commences his instructions, he does what he can to alleviate their bodily distress. The blind receive sight, the lame walk, lepers are cleansed, and the sick are healed. Thus the multitude are not only impressed with his miraculous powers, but are predisposed to hear favorably the words that he should utter. What these were are not recorded; but we may readily conceive that, in

addressing a Jewish throng, he dwelt upon the superiority of a good character over a formal piety, upon the greater value of spiritual qualities as compared with temporal pleasures and possessions, upon the capacities of the soul and their personal responsibility for its improvement, upon the paternal character of God, the defiling nature of sin, and the need of repentance and amendment. His language was ever calm and rational, adapted to convey clearly his meaning to the minds of his hearers, and to produce the desired effect upon them; and we may conceive that, as he finished speaking, many felt their best desires confirmed, and many determined to make new efforts for self-conquest. Many felt gloom and weariness dispelled by a tranquil trust in infinite wisdom and love, and many looked back with anguish upon a misspent life, and in with self-loathing upon a corrupt and defective soul, and made there and then the resolve that the future should have a clearer record than the past. But evening approaches. The multitude are weary and hungry. If they were sent away fasting they would faint by the way. How shall this emergency be met? Probably in order to produce a greater impression upon the minds of the apostles, and to take away all chance of an accusation of imposture, he asks Philip, who was of a suspicious temperament, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" leaving him to make those investigations which resulted in the report that there was no food there but five coarse barley loaves and two fishes, and in the request that he would send the multitude away into the villages to buy victuals. The way is now prepared for one of his most wonderful miracles. He makes the assembly sit down in companies of fifty, showing, according to the graphic language of Mark, like garden-plots in the green grass. This arrangement shows the forethought and skill which were characteristic of Jesus, and which extended to the smallest particulars. "Thus," says Trench, "all disorder, noise, and confusion were avoided; there was no danger that the weaker, the women and the children, should be passed over, while the stronger and ruder unduly pushed themselves forward; thus the apostles were able to pass easily up and down

among the multitude, and to minister in orderly succession to the wants of every part." Jesus then invokes a blessing upon the bread which his disciples distribute. A marvelous multiplication of it takes place, so that they all did eat and were filled. An event of this kind, so completely beyond our experience, and so inconceivable in its nature, seems almost incredible; yet it is easier for me to admit this than to suppose that the four evangelists were deceived, or sought to deceive others. A comparison of the four accounts discloses many unstudied points of agreement, yet with such discrepancies as show there was no collusion. Each is an independent narration of the same event. Admit a miraculous power as belonging at all to Jesus, and we can place no limit to its extent. Deny it, and you are involved with countless difficulties in reference to the honesty of the narrators and the impression which Jesus produced upon the Jews. But, whether you admit or deny, the moral lesson of this occurrence is the same. It teaches us to concern ourselves not merely with the spiritual welfare of those around us, but also with their bodily comfort. True Christianity is interested not merely in making men religious, but in improving their temporal condition, in promoting their health, intellectual culture, socialty, habits of industry, economy, and sobriety. Jesus won so many followers, not because he was seeking how many converts he could make, but because he was the friend of every man he met, and sought in every way to satisfy his reasonable wants. There is one particular connected with this miracle which it seems to me no writer of fiction would have penned. It is related by all the evangelists. They tell us that he said to his disciples, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." A writer of fiction would either have stopped with the miracle itself, or, if any one had proposed to collect the fragments, he would have represented our Saviour as rebuking such a parsimonious spirit, and saying, "Let them go: we can obtain a supply whenever we need." This attention to frugality agrees with all we know of the character of Jesus, and shows us that his great mind and zealous heart did not neglect the smaller virtues. No

opportunity occurred which he did not use for a lesson ; no event happened which he did not turn into an auxiliary to his cause.

This miracle of feeding the five thousand raised the enthusiasm of his followers to the highest pitch. "This is of a truth," said they, "the Prophet who should come into the world." They were ready to take him by force and make him a king. Here was a repetition of a temptation that often occurred during the ministry of Jesus. There could be no doubt that, if he set himself up as a political or military leader, thousands would flock to his standard. An ambitious man would easily have found plausible reasons for taking this step. He would have said that true patriotism required him to relieve the land of the tyranny and oppression of Roman rule, to eject rapacious governors and publicans, to cleanse the country of its corrupt officers, and inaugurate a new and perfect state. He might have said, "Give me the power, and I will use it for the highest good of the people. I will establish institutions which will mould and elevate their characters. I will form a model commonwealth after which all kingdoms shall take pattern." But this specious and plausible temptation Jesus always rejected as if it were the very suggestion of the Evil One. It was with no gratification, I believe, but with profound sorrow, that he heard the acclamations of the multitude, and saw how hard it was to do away with traditional prejudices and give them an idea of the kingdom of God in the soul,—a kingdom of truth, rectitude, and love. "They honor me," he would say ; "they are amazed at the miracles I work ; they are pleased at a supply of food obtained without toil ; they are fascinated by my words : but they do not apprehend the truths that I set before them ; they do not experience those emotions I would have them feel ; they do not set before themselves those high and noble aims I would have them pursue." And so, although the Pharisees and doctors of the law tell him they like his sermon, and the multitude are ready to follow him to the ends of the earth, Jesus compels the reluctant disciples, who doubtless shared in the desires of the throng, to enter their vessels and



return across the lake. He himself remains, and, dismissing the multitude, retires into a mountain for prayer. Could we have heard the words that were breathed from those holy lips, I believe this would have been their tenor: "Father, give me power to reach the hearts of the people so that they shall not honor me, but love thee. Enable me to subdue their ambition and worldliness, and to lead them to prize spiritual treasures. Enable me to induce them to put away their prejudices, and to regard all mankind as brethren, to labor that thy will may be done on earth as in heaven." Thus, under a sky where the clouds are gathering for the approaching tempest, closes our Saviour's laborious day. He had counseled and encouraged the returning apostles. He had healed the sick, instructed and fed the multitude, had resisted what to any one else would have been a strong temptation, and now he retires, as he loved to do, to refresh his soul with the thought of God, and to utter his earnest wishes in prayer.

Does not this day in the life of Jesus show us the spirit in which all our days should be spent? No miraculous results indeed will follow our volition. No enraptured crowds will run after us with their applause; but before us all lie useful labors to be done, temptations to be resisted, opportunities to be seized upon, trials to be borne, and the need of divine communion. The special acts of Jesus we need not seek to imitate. What is needful is that we should have his devout and benevolent spirit; that we should be ready to benefit both the bodies and the souls of our fellow-men; that we should be considerate in our demands upon them; that we should search for the best methods of training ourselves and others in a divine life; that we should cherish the growth of all good qualities, not simply by meditation, but by action; that, in our concern for the more conspicuous and shining virtues, we should not overlook those of a humbler character; and, finally, that, in our success and in our sorrow, we should have recourse to the great Father of spirits, and look up to him with confidence, adoration, and love. Thus every

day will be hallowed. Thus, by Christian work, Christian sympathy will be aroused among those who are laboring for the same end, and a living Christian church perform by natural methods the same beneficent deeds which gave grace and loveliness and dignity to our Saviour's life.

## SUNDAY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY W. E. A.

How dear to Christian hearts the holy peace  
Which ushers in a Sabbath-morning's dawn ;  
From toil and care, from sin, brings prompt release,  
Ere shoots an early ray across the lawn.

Sleep o'er the land her poppies broadcast strews,  
Emblem of rest, more sweet than perfumed flowers ;  
To want brings food, to sorrow, guilt, repose,  
While noiseless run the sands of later hours.

As reddens in the east the coming day,  
Shrill chanticler alone the echoes wakes ;  
The stars, extinct, withdraw the useless ray,  
No song nor sound the drowsy deafness breaks.

No sturdy tramp, on household cares intent,  
No slithering casement, slamming, creaking door,  
No bashful knuckle, voice, for warning sent,  
No tinkling tongue, dread gong, disturbs the snore.

Talarial Time, on tiptoe, noiseless, fleet,  
Slides on, alarms the inward, spiritual ear ;  
A call to duty shouts — stays not to greet —  
The echoes only yawning sleepers hear.

The hemisphere awakes as soars the sun,  
Feels at her heart and hails his vital glow ;  
Electric currents through her organs run ;  
Give will, the power to be, to act, to grow.

The Sun of Righteousness, with warmer love,  
His light and heat flings, scatters all abroad,  
Pours bounty, mercy, blessing, from above,  
The fountain infinite, the love of God !

For, far around the rambling country side,  
An undulating music of church bells  
Rings, tolls, in every ear, resounding wide,  
To prayer and praise invites, — of duty tells.

Above tall trees hangs low a little star,  
Lifted to view, and twinkling all alone ;  
A censer tips with fire, hot, reeking far,  
From melting hearts and glowing altar-stone.

See where adown the long, steep, gravelly hills,  
Wind wagon, chaise, gude-man and pillionned dame,  
Boys, farmers, boatman from the isle he tills,  
Crones, paupers, fools ; old soldiers, shabby, lame.

By stiled meadow green, by pond and stream,  
Few scattered worshipers or groups pursue  
Some narrow, crinkled path, as in a dream,  
In hope of something higher, better, true !

Swings wide, with flowers strewn, sweet heaven's gate ;  
Its angels, hovering, sweep, breathe through the lyre,  
O'er temples where frail mortals pray, await,  
" A rushing, mighty wind, forked tongues of fire."

Met near the church, these motley, friendly groups,  
Of every age and sex, garb, fortune, fame,  
Youth, reverend age, sire, matron, merry troops  
Of children, enter all ; God's blessing claim.

The ancient temple, foster-mother, draws  
Her equal children to her warm, great heart ;  
All ranks bids ; welcomes, hushes, awes !  
Fools, paupers, negroes, — Deacons, seats apart !

Full, rich, in fine accord, psalms, hymns of praise  
Await the lingering preacher from the choir :  
Flute, viol, lead, sustain seraphic lays ;  
The love of God and man their tones inspire.

A holy priest of God, meek, silver-gray, not old,  
With reverence the pulpit-stairs ascends ;  
In muslin "bands," loose, silken sleeve and fold,  
True dignity with grace and unction blends.

Ere yet the solemn silence breaks in prayer,  
An aged sexton threads a narrow aisle,  
Sailor, too long, sweeps he through arcs of air,  
Friend, messenger of suplicants the while,

Who ask the mingled prayers of pastor, flock,  
For dear ones stretched on beds of sickness, pain,  
To guard the sailor from the storm and rock,  
Far greater moral peril on the main.

Or some poor sufferer's last gasp expires,  
While useless, blistered line the preacher reads,  
Which tells of hope in death, all pure desires,  
Accepts a welcome doom, as earth recedes.

Meek triple tones of love, joy, faith entwine,  
Melt, mingle, tremble, rise in prayer and praise,  
Soothe, heal the aching heart, sweet anodyne !  
Bring heaven down to rapt, long, tearful gaze.

To-day, perchance, memorials may wait  
A calmer hour for thought, a deep, full soul,  
Fine silver gleam antique in form and date ;  
Nice napkins wrap the eucharistic roll.

Our Saviour welcomes infants to his love —  
Invoke God's blessing, heavenly truth and grace !  
A silver font reflects the Holy Dove,  
While water drips on innocence, and lace.

The outward world forgot, as Christian hearts  
Soar up to heaven, or kneel at Mercy's shrine ;  
A grim, sly "tything-man" creeps, culprits starts,  
Shakes, threatens rod ! the awful lobby ! fine.

Through open door and casement pours fresh air,  
Fills all the consecrated, hallowed place !  
Diviner breath, from out of heaven, is there !  
Fans, warms the kindling altar, wafts God's grace.

Aisles, galleries and space are filled with light :  
Suns blaze white-hot from lenses in cheap glass ;  
Far spreads the iris, dazzles, pales to sight,  
Soft, beautiful, ephemeral, — alas !

Diviner rays pour in, which pale the sun !  
Pure, holy, radiant, living Love and Truth !  
Light ineffable, withheld from none,  
Eternal in its birth, immortal youth !

Here speaks the Son of God from saintly lips  
His wealth of love ; great gain in sorrow, loss !  
Young, tender buds of sin or folly snips,  
While training souls to cling around the cross.

God's spirit fills the consecrated place,  
Warms, with diviner love, each soul and heart,  
Beams in the upturned eye, meek, earnest face,  
The charm dissolving as they move to part.

Nature's God now meets the pouring throng,  
Which crowds the vestibules, spreads o'er the green,  
Erects an altar, hears mute prayer and song, —  
His temple visible ; but God, unseen !

Being — its atmosphere — fills nave and dome,  
Crowds, limits space, bends, ceils the lovely sky,  
Thrills, comprehends land, sea, town, church and home !  
Omnipotence, Love, Wisdom, — Deity !

Indwelling God, devout each heart,  
Abroad, in streets, grove, oratory, feels,  
If, upward, winged, an earnest spirit dart,  
Or, penitent, a weeping sinner kneels.

Through all the holy, lovely day, each hour  
Of waxing heat, or cooler afternoon,  
Unconscious, sways, reveals a secret power,  
Bestows, unasked nor earned, a priceless boon.

Now, as the sun, red, large, declines, goes down,  
Eclipsing gorgeous glories — disappears,  
Tall shadows vanish, twilights, sombre, frown,  
No insect, bird, the listening welkin hears.

God's holiness enfolds the beautiful in rest,  
Broods over loving, wayward human souls,  
While humble prayer breathes from a heaving breast,  
And tears are wiped as solemn midnight tolls.

God's love is written on the land, sea, sky,  
By night, at noon, dawn, sunset, evermore,  
Breathes through the universe, how silently !  
My soul, discern, reflect, believe, adore !

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AN hour's patience will procure a long period of rest.

—*Arabic Proverb.*

## TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

## ALL-SAINTS' DAY.

THERE is no day in the Church Calendar which comes to us with a more grateful welcome than the first of November, which is set apart in commemoration of all the saints. It is fitting that Easter Sunday, which celebrates the Sun of righteousness newly returning to the earth, should be connected with spring-time and the general resurrection of the inanimate world. And it is also well that the late and leafless autumn, in the mild and thoughtful days which tell us of the coming winter, should be relieved as it associates itself with the memory of saintly ones in every age who have served God faithfully on earth and have entered into their heavenly life. To the Apostles and early Christians, who lived in the presence of a crucified and risen Redeemer and drew inspiration and power and life from him, there hardly seemed to be a break in their ranks, when dear and faithful ones were transferred from the earthly to the heavenly side of their being. All still were members of the same family in earth and in heaven ; all lived in the same divine love, and were united in the same hallowed affections and worship.

To their faith and their intensified perceptions it was as if the heavens were opened, and the insuperable barrier were removed from between the living and the dead. And may not we also cherish these same feelings, and in our highest moments live in this same great communion of souls ? In times of spiritual indifference when the love of many waxes cold and there is little here to encourage and strengthen us, may we not be cheered by the thought of unseen sympathies and hopes flowing in upon us from heavenly places ? May we not live in the same exalted faith that all the pure and true who have labored for the cause of righteousness on earth are still with us, and helping us on in our labors ?



"The truly great  
Have all one age, and from one visible space  
Shed influence. They, both in power and act,  
Are permanent, and Time is not with them,  
Save as it worketh for them, they in it."

Truth is immortal. Goodness is immortal. The souls of those who give themselves to truth and goodness are immortal, and from their higher sphere still carry on the work which they began here. The earthly lives in which they manifested themselves to us may be resolved into their mortal elements, but they live on in the realm of spiritual thought and being. If we have known and loved them here, we may know and love them still. If they have closely allied themselves to what is deepest and best in us, if they have called out and sustained our higher affections, or fed within us diviner hopes and a holier life, we should never permit them to lose their hold upon us, — never permit them to say to us, as Dante represents Beatrice as saying of him, —

"When from flesh  
To spirit I had risen, and increase  
Of beauty and of virtue circled me,  
I was less dear to him, and valued less.  
. . . Nor availed me aught  
To sue for inspirations, with the which  
To call him back."

The outward form may be withdrawn. But then all the more should the beauty and loveliness of the soul appeal to us. The countenance, the hand so softly laid in ours, the fitting word at the fitting moment so gently spoken and so gladly heard, the presence so longed for even when taken from us for a single day, bringing in its return to us such a sense of joy, and felt as a rich and gracious possession even in silence and darkness, may no longer come to us through sight or sound or touch. But that which made them dear to us, the soul which inspired them, the love, the thoughtful tenderness which breathed through them, may live on still in our hearts, as *they* live on in the fullness of God's love.

Through our continued love and fidelity to those who have

been our dearest friends and benefactors, and who now make a part of the great multitude which no man can number, we may keep alive our sense of nearness to them and their influence over us. They may compass us about as a cloud of witnesses with their loving presence. They may act upon us by our remembrance of what they were, and still more as an unseen influence, binding themselves to us through affections more and more delicate and unselfish, cherishing within us a faith which more and more securely reaches through our earthly surroundings, and reveals to our inmost thought the power and presence of God's spiritual kingdom.

Thus we may hold in loving remembrance "the spirits of just men made perfect," the great company of those who, with the perseverance of the saints, "have kept the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." When the true and faithful die, when the patriot and martyr, the devout and holy man or woman, they who by the loveliness and fidelity of their lives have made religion beautiful and the cause of Christ dear to the hearts of men,—when they die, we should not look to them merely in the history of the past: we should also recognize them among the vital forces of the present hour. They live on in their example. They live on in the increased momentum which has been given by them to the cause which they delighted to help. They live on also in their own diviner sphere, not withdrawing their sympathies from us who are engaged in the same work which was once so dear to them.

This is the lesson taught by Jesus. "Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." "Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." This living, invisible power which resides in him as the head of his church on earth and in heaven is not confined to him. They who have fallen asleep in him, and who now live and rejoice in him, are members also, living members, of that great spiritual community which reaches down from heaven to earth, and embraces within its hallowed influence all loving and faithful souls.

If our spiritual senses are alive, if we keep the eyes of our souls open heavenward, we may all of us go forth compassed about with a cloud of heavenly witnesses. Not alone those who visibly attach themselves to us are our companions as we walk through scenes familiar to us for many years. Those whom we used to meet long ago join themselves to us, visit with us the old homesteads, and throw a more hallowed significance over all that we see. When we enter these homes we see there not alone those who receive us with audible words of welcome, but others, who are endowed now with finer perceptions, whose features glow with a more heavenly grace and a more divine expression of tenderness and peace. Aged forms, freed now from the infirmities which pressed so heavily upon them, rise to greet us with a dignity and charm which tell more of the love of heaven than of the solicitude and cares of earth. The young and fair, freed from every touch of earthly grossness or weakness, smile upon us with the sympathy and tenderness of ministering spirits. Those who once drew us towards them with so rich a promise of manly virtues and manly deeds, and who left us with so keen a sense of loss and weariness, — our lives so poor and lonely without them, — return to us now with a more winning attractiveness, their features illuminated and gladdened by the light and the love of heaven. And little ones, such as Jesus declared to be the fittest emblems of the kingdom of heaven, when he took them into his arms and laid his hands upon them and blessed them, — do not they also thrive and grow in all heavenly graces and affections, and live on in our hearts, not as dead and buried, but as God's children now who shall never die?

If then "we direct the open eyes of our soul to that height" where Christ dwells, if we keep our natures alive on the spiritual as we do on the material side of our being, we shall find ourselves compassed about with a cloud of heavenly witnesses. We shall not be separated from them by the darkness of the tomb, or by heights of joy and glory inaccessible to us. With all our infirmities and shortcomings we shall be allowed still to turn to them, to cherish the

thought of them in our hearts, and to feel that while we are filled with love and reverence towards them they may be as ministering angels and messengers of God's love to us.

"SERVICES IN MEMORY OF REV. EZRA STILES GANNETT, D.D., LATE PASTOR OF THE ARLINGTON-STREET CHURCH."

The beautifully printed pamphlet, of which this is the title, came to us after our article on Dr. Gannett was in type. Had it not been so we should have supplemented our remarks, or supplied their place by extracts from the addresses which are here published. The position which Dr. Gannett held in our denomination and his services for a time as an editor of this Magazine, in addition to his mind and character and the great services which he rendered to almost every important Christian enterprise among us, make it especially fitting that we should preserve in these pages some memorial of what he did and was.

Rev. Rufus Ellis in his address at the funeral said, —

"The days which were strength and usefulness have been many, the threescore and ten years which make up the days of the years of our pilgrimage. May I say that I take a kind of satisfaction in the thought that he who has been snatched from us, near as he is to our hearts in this hour, cannot stop me from telling what a sense I have had from my boyhood up, — from the days when I swelled the crowd that listened so eagerly to his clear expositions of Christian doctrine to the moment when I heard of his last gospel errand, — what a sense I have had of the abundance of his work in Christ? It is pleasant in this hour to speak of it; but there is no need, certainly not in this city, certainly not in this house of prayer. I said 'days which were strength,' and yet almost so far as my remembrance of him runs back, it was strength of the spirit rather than of the flesh; it was outward weakness which seemed to provoke him to labor, when the strong with almost one consent would have made excuse. Which of you has not heard from the silent street the fall of the two staves upon the sidewalk in the evening hour, signaling<sup>o</sup> against his will, the way of our dear friend to some one who needed sympathy and counsel? I think it must have rested him to work; at least I have tried to think so when dividing vaca-

tion-time with him: it was so hard to keep him away for a few much-needed weeks of relaxation from his pulpit and his people. Body, soul, and spirit, 'as much as in him was,' and that was not a little, he has done the work of an evangelist in this city for nearly half a century, in word and in act; and various as are the duties of the minister of the Gospel, who ever said to him, 'This ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone'? who ever said to him, 'The sermon last Sunday was earnest and able; but during the week a bereaved parishioner looked for you in vain'? who ever said, 'We were glad to see you in our home, but we missed in the discourse from the pulpit what we gained in the parlor'? His fidelity was a proverb and an axiom, a first principle from which we reasoned when we discussed the mission and the prospects of the preacher and the pastor in our day. And it was not the fidelity of an official person, but of the man in Christ, who is the same man in the pulpit, in the study, in the street, in the social gathering, in his household, speaking the truth, because he can no other. . . . And this life-long work of his was a work of love. Conscientious service, the most eminent, could never have called forth such affectionate loyalty as waited upon this ministry. . . . And so I say they have been years to thank God for, as indeed all years may be, though not so manifestly.

"We are here because for this world they are ended. And I am sure that those who loved him best find it in their hearts even now to rejoice that he is at rest in the Father's bosom."

"We are on our way to an open grave. We may not linger to speak at length, and as one would, of this gifted and devoted minister of Christ. We may not attempt to gather up the lessons of his life. That must be reserved for other days. My privilege in this hour reaches only to these few words. May they help to make us still before God, as one who takes us only because He has need of us, and pleads with us by our human loves to embrace and hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life in Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be glory in his church for ever! Amen."

Dr. Hedge, in his sermon entitled "The Faithful Servant," which was preached in Dr. Gannett's church, Sept. 10, 1871, thus spoke of him:—

"An immense activity occupied his days. Here was a mind that knew no rest, or found it only in intensest action, as the earth reposes in and because of its swift career. His strictly official and

what may be called obligatory labors, arduous enough for one man's strength, were only a part of his steady employ, and were even exceeded by voluntary and self-imposed tasks. You all know, but the time would fail me to speak, of the many enterprises, — philanthropic, reformatory, ecclesiastical, — affecting the welfare of city, Church, and State, to which he bent his resolved will, and set his indefatigable hand. Suffice it to mention, among others, the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, having for its object the systematic support of a ministry at large, which owes its existence mainly to him as chairman of a small committee appointed by a meeting which he had called in the spring of 1834, to organize measures 'for the moral and religious improvement of the poor of this city.' Of this organization, which I venture to say has done more for the moral and spiritual health of the poor and unchurched of Boston than any other institution of the kind, as he was the principal author, so he has been for the nearly forty years of its existence the ever watchful guardian and the main support."

"Never was a man more faithful to his vision, never one with whom conviction and avowal, conviction and action, were more indissolubly joined. Not a man of commanding imagination or exuberant fancy, and without the charm and play of thought which those qualities engender, but one who possessed in a supereminent degree the faculties proper to his class, the executive class of minds: a clearness of perception, a precision of understanding, a thoroughness and tenacity of mental grasp, a vigor and alacrity, withal, a facility of representation and a power of industry in which he had few superiors among us, and which in early youth secured for him the foremost place in school and college. He was unsurpassed by any of his fellow-laborers in the power of saying precisely what he meant, of setting forth in clear and cogent speech what he saw and thought. For thought and feeling with him were one: he thought through his feelings, and he felt with his thought. And this mutual interpenetration of the sentimental and intellectual in him constituted the charm and power of his discourse. Very eloquent he was, as all who heard him in the days of his strength will testify, when engaged upon a topic he had thoroughly mastered, or which through the interest he felt in it had mastered him. And the secret of his eloquence was his intensity. He surrendered his soul, his entire being, to the theme he handled: it bore him irresistibly on as a strong, swift river bears a floating thing on its bosom; and it bore his hearers with him, if not by intellectual assent to all

his positions, yet in uncontrollable sympathy with the torrent sweep of his impetuous soul. He was greatest, I think, in extempore speech. The exactitude of his perception, the perfect precision of his thought, and the marvelous command he had of his powers, their prompt obedience to his will at all times, in all places, gave him a mastery and success in that kind of performance, — a combination of fluency and force, which I have rarely seen equaled, never surpassed."

"Devoted as he was to the special and denominational interests of the ecclesiastical body to which he belonged, Dr. Gannett was by no means neglectful of the wider interests of the Church universal — of universal Humanity. He sympathized with most of the social reforms of the day, and in some of them took an active part. Particularly dear to him was the cause of international peace. A friend and admirer of the late Noah Worcester, he followed the steps of that mild evangelist, uniting with his parishioner Mr. Blanchard, with Henry Ware, Jr., with Mr. Ladd of Portsmouth, and other worthies who conspired in this most worthy cause, persuaded that the gospel of Christ was charged with the mission of peace to the nations, and fondly believing, whether rightly or not, that the course of history must bend at last to the views and wishes of Christian men.

"A deeper interest, and one more urgent in its claims, as dealing with a nearer and more pressing evil, appealed to him in the cause of Temperance. In this so needful reform, from its first initiation among us, he engaged with characteristic zeal and untiring effort. Profoundly impressed with the evils attending the prevalent indulgence in intoxicating draughts, feeling in his Christ-like heart all the burden of the woes and crimes which flow from that fatal source, he was willing to co-operate with any of his fellow-citizens in any measures that promised suppression, or even mitigation, of this wide-spread, body and soul destroying vice. The resolutions passed at a meeting of the Temperance Society of this city on occasion of his death bear witness of the value his associates in that reform attached to his labors."

"Of his active benevolence, his overflowing kindness of heart, his open-handed charity in the way of alms, his tender sympathy with all suffering, shown in ceaseless offices of love, I would like to discourse, and could give you abundant proof; but my limits press, and you are waiting to hear from one who has a better right than I to speak of these things. I content myself with a single illustra-



tion. Traveling in Europe many years since, he chanced upon a fellow-countryman, unknown to him before, journeyed with him for one or two days, then parted from him in some continental town, leaving him not dangerously ill, but too indisposed to continue his journey, and needing longer rest. At the end of the second day this traveler, from whose own lips I had the story, saw to his great surprise Mr. Gannett return, having, as he said, retraced his steps some hundreds of miles, irresistibly drawn by the thought that a stranger in a strange land might need a compatriot's aid.

"To sum up all in a few words, I deem this our friend to have been a most faithful, earnest, loving, just, and brave man. His nature was precisely the stuff of which martyrs are made. I marked him of old as one who, in times of persecution, had he lived in the days when opinion was punishable with death, would have braved the fagot or the rack for his faith's sake."

"His mission is his character as developed in his life: it is the influence that character has had and will continue to have on all who came within his sphere, and in and through them, by a law of moral solidarity, on others and countless others who never saw his face and will never hear his name. Who can compute the radiations of a righteous soul, or guess how far its action may reach, or what latent germs of goodness in distant spheres it may quicken into life? The great Giver bestows no gift so precious as when he sends such a soul to dwell and work among us. Then he plants his own seed whose lineage never dies, but abides in the world, a power for ever."

Rev. Calvin Lincoln, on the same occasion, said, —

"He found his law of life in his own affectionate heart, in his own generous and loving nature, purified and quickened by the Saviour's spirit.

"He loved to work in the service of others. He became at once the personal friend of every family in his society. His acute perceptions, his ever-flowing sympathy and the sensitiveness of his own nature, enabled him to understand and appreciate the trials, and to share in the joys and hopes of those to whom he ministered. Hence it was that there was such a peculiar delicacy and tenderness in his manner, such a peculiar appropriateness in his thoughts and language and in the tones of his voice, as gave you the assurance of his perfect sincerity and deep personal interest in your welfare, — that he entered your homes with none of the formal utter-



ances of one who believed himself authorized to instruct others, but that he came to you because he wished to encourage and to help you, by bringing before your minds those great truths of the gospel which awaken life and strength and hope in the soul of the believer."

"But in his home, in his care for those whom God had committed to his immediate protection, you beheld the full beauty of his character. His love for those around him was an exhaustless fountain. He lived in them, and for them. He was ever watchful for their virtue and their happiness. Faithful to his obligations as the head of a Christian household, he was continually devising methods to increase their comforts, — to secure for them some new satisfaction. He shared in all their joys and hopes. The advance of age had no power to abate the strength or the tenderness of his affections. His heart was always young. He forgot himself in his efforts to make others happy."

"His generosity and ready sympathy were well understood by the poor and desolate. They repaired to his home free from all fear of a rude repulse. They sought his counsel and his assistance. These he willingly bestowed. He would leave his study, when by so doing he must protract his labors beyond the midnight hour and deny himself the rest demanded by his wearied frame; and listen attentively to a long narrative of repeated plans and repeated disappointments, until he became strongly interested in the condition of the sufferer before him. He gave advice, and encouraged the hope of more substantial assistance. The hopes thus awakened were never disappointed. He would spend days in endeavoring to find occupation for the unemployed; and, when he could do for them nothing better, he gave of his means with a liberal hand."

Dr. A. P. Peabody, in the same place, Oct. 1, 1871, said, —

"His conscience knew no rest, made no truce or compromise, admitted no exception or excuse; and it was to him inspiration, genius, power. It made him master of his own soul; it gave him a kingly presence among men, and the unction of a holy priesthood before his God. A thorn, sometimes, in the flesh, it was ever a spur to the heaven-seeking spirit. A bondage, often, outward, it gave him the glorious liberty of the Children of God.

"This is the type of character in which the disciple draws nearest to his Lord. Other gifts and graces of the spirit are the blossoms: this, the matured fruit of Christian piety. In your pastor,

both in youth and in age, flowers and rich, ripe fruit hung together, as they do in the sunny South, all summer and all winter long. Let us thank God that such a soul and such a life have been ours to honor and to love, and are ours still and ever to hold in fond and precious memory. And God grant that the event which has taken him from our sight may so hallow his example of Christian excellence for our imitation, that ours too may be that life of loving duty, in which he that liveth shall never die."

Dr. Gannett left by his will the sum of two thousand dollars to the Arlington-Street Church, "whose kindness to me," he said, "has known no limit of generosity." In regard to this bequest the Society resolved, "That, while with deep emotion we take to ourselves to be long remembered, this expression of his undying love for us, we decline to accept the legacy, . . . preferring that it should be added to the moderate store for his family, which his unselfish heart and hand, ever open to the needy, permitted him to accumulate for them."

The society further voted to pay to Dr. Gannett's children his salary of three thousand dollars a year which he had declined to receive for nearly two years, and also to tender to them "the amount which has stood for several years to his credit, constituting what is called the Gannett fund." This, we believe, was a sum of money arising from an addition to Dr. Gannett's salary which he declined to accept, but which the society nevertheless raised and invested as a fund for him. These several sums his children declined to accept. It is very pleasant to add these facts to the record of the good man's life, and to feel that his generous and unselfish spirit, through his family and his people, lives on in the hearts that were dearest to him.

"TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF STEPHEN VAN  
RENSSELAER THAYER."

We have entered above on our pages our brief record of a faithful life whose useful and valued services were continued through the appointed period of threescore and ten years. The pamphlet before us commemorates what seems like the

untimely passing away of a young man whose robust form and generous, affectionate, and manly qualities gave to his friends, and even to his casual acquaintances, the promise of a long-continued and widely-extended influence for good. Among the honored names which are barely mentioned in our rapid sketch of Dr. Gannett's contemporaries is that of the Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, D.D., of Lancaster, whose wisdom and integrity of character, extending, showing themselves more and more, through many years of faithful service in the Christian ministry, had given him unusual weight and authority, not only among his own people, but with ministers and people throughout the whole neighborhood. His grandson, "born Aug. 2, 1847, died Oct. 10, 1871," is the subject of the sermon, entitled "A Good Name," which was preached Oct. 22, 1871, in Dr. Thayer's church, by his successor, Rev. George M. Bartol, who thus affectionately and beautifully speaks of him in connection with those who had gone before him:—

"Nearly a quarter of a century ago I came here to be ordained as your minister. I brought to the home which was opened to receive me, as freely and affectionately as if it had always been my own, the joyful tidings of the birth of an heir to the name, and, if God pleased, to the virtues of the house; of the good and venerable man, already translated, but whose praise was in all the churches, and whose influence was yet quick and strong, even as in life,—to those survivors on whose ears from childhood's memory the harmony of his voice, with no equal, yet lingered, as it still lingers; of her virtues, too, whose spirit had not then entered into the heavenly recompense of the faithful, who carried every member of this parish in her mind and in her heart, who looked with such tender love as well as so wisely and carefully to the ways of her household, and whose children forsaking not her law, it was "an ornament of grace to their head, and chains," not of slavery, but "of glory about their neck," and who arose, as they rise up this day, and we with them, to call her blessed.

"Since I last spoke to you here, it has been my lot to be the messenger to that house of the end of the earthly life of which I announced the advent. I have also stood at the grave, as I stood at the cradle, with a keen sorrow and a disappointed hope, a sense

of our personal loss, — for this good name was part of ours, — yet grateful for so much fruit from the early promise; grateful that the holy tradition of such an ancestry should have reached and been so fulfilled in its posterity, — that the original savor had flowed down into this latest offspring in our own day, of those whose seed it is declared shall be blest."

"Truly our young friend had entered into the possession of 'a good name,' so far as this can be a matter of inheritance, and of every outward good which men are apt to desire. But the inherited name and position, gifts of fortune, physical superiority, whatever these may be worth, are not what have stirred more and more, from his early years, our growing love and respect for him. No: but that he had so soon learned to value these things at their true price, and see them at their real value; that, alluring as the pride and pomp and circumstance of life must have been to him, even as they are save in our better moments to us all, he had turned away his eyes from beholding vanity, and that he preferred the 'loving favor' he everywhere won from old and young, from high and low, to 'silver and gold.'

"He must have felt the full force of the outward temptation, by how many in such a situation yielded to, to become an idler or a mere seeker of pleasure. Yet not so did he luxuriate in his place, or wanton in his advantage. Neither did he boast of his place, nor view his commanding position with self-complacency, but with a grave and manly solicitude. The modesty with which he sought to do kind deeds, and so many where these would be unnoticed and unknown, except by the persons whom his generosity blessed, is assurance that he meant no barter of his benefits for popular applause, but that he would rather 'do good and lend, hoping for nothing again,' would own his debt to humanity, and regarded himself not as an original proprietor, but as the steward only of a great trust, principal and interest, to be accounted for."

The Rev. Dr. Putnam says of him, —

"The rich and tender nature of this young man, fostered by the well-known influence of his immediate surroundings, developed itself into a fine generosity of heart and a prompt and open-handed charity. There were some who wept in sorrow over his grave, who had wept before, with very different emotions, in surprised thankfulness for the wealth of his sympathies, and the largeness of his bounty. He took delight in showing kindness and ren-

dering service to whomsoever he might, preferring — such was the delicacy of his nature — that his left hand should not know what his right hand did. He will be missed by some who have never known how much they have owed to his secret hand."

Another obituary notice, written by a college associate and friend, says, —

"The noblest and the truest thing that can be said of him is, that those who admired him so heartily and who mourn for him so deeply never knew his best life. His generosity was too real and his sympathy too sensitive to be either paraded or even allowed to be known. Not one, I think, of all the classmates who recognized him as their leader throughout their college course, and unanimously chose him as their favorite at the end of it, ever knew how secretly and indirectly his charity was constantly administered among them. Not long ago, he regularly met a class of the most outcast children in an obscure mission school. It was only after months of this work, which he begged to be allowed to do, that even his immediate family discovered where his Sunday afternoons were spent. 'It would seem so foolish,' said he, 'for me to be setting up to be good.'

"The life that was seen of all men has left, indeed, a memory and an inspiration which make death no withdrawal of his influence; but what is lost, and what is left, the affliction of his death and the inspiration from his life, grow greater for those mourners who know that the beautiful life that shone for the world to see was only the reflection of a more spiritual one; that the life before men which won him so many friends was but one side of the life before God which has won him heaven. By his going away, the Comforter, the Spirit of truth, the knowledge of the real and full beauty of his life, has come to us; and it will stay."

#### IMPROVED DWELLING-HOUSES.

There are few things in the way of external advantages more important to persons of limited means than the houses they live in. The value of a good home is to be estimated not alone by its material benefits, its influence on the health and personal comfort, but by its influence on the mind and character of its inmates. George Peabody showed in no one of his benefactions so wise a spirit of benevolence as in the

provision he made for supplying comfortable dwelling-houses to those who are unable to own them. Not the poor alone, but people of moderate fortunes in our large cities have suffered from the want of healthful, convenient tenements at prices which they could afford. Mr. Peabody's large donation in London is admirably fitted to meet this want.

Mr. Abbot Lawrence, with the liberality and sagacity which belonged to his character, left a legacy in his will for the purpose of erecting similar buildings here in Boston, and we understand that the enterprise has been a successful one.

A similar work has been undertaken here by a young lady whose great executive ability and disinterested efforts for the good of others showed themselves in what was done for our sick and wounded soldiers near the close of the war. Though suffering still from physical prostration caused by the extraordinary exertions she made then, about a year ago she got up a building association, secured a charter from the Legislature, and when it was fully organized her sister was chosen treasurer, and mainly through her influence nearly a hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been raised for the purpose of providing at a low rent tenements of a better order than can now be procured by the poor. It is expected that the business will be a remunerative one to the contributors. But one of the laws of the association provides that not more than seven per cent. shall be divided among the stockholders, it being the object of the association to furnish dwellings at as low a rate and with as many conveniences as may be practicable.

Mr. Josiah Quincy has, for some years, taken a great interest in a movement which has for its object the improvement in this respect of the condition of the laboring classes and other persons of small means. He has sought to get them out from the confined and unwholesome dens in which too many of them have been living in the city. His plan is far-reaching and eminently practical in its details. He would build up villages on the line of our railroads within convenient distances from Boston, so that men whose business lies here may easily go daily to and from their work. In order

to encourage them in such an enterprise he would have railroads furnish free passes for three or five years to the heads of families who will put up and occupy houses on their lines, the railroads being reimbursed by the increased travel brought to them by the other members of the household. In addition to this, Mr. Quincy would organize building associations of fifty members each, to purchase, say, forty or fifty acres of land in some eligible place, and build there a village with the greater cheapness which is made possible by the associated action, and with the greater conveniences which may thus be secured to the community. Each person is to contribute to the common stock, and whatever he contributes is to be passed to his credit in paying for the house which he is to occupy. We cannot go into all the details. But it is easy to see that the same money which is paid for a narrow, ill-ventilated, uncomfortable tenement in the city will in a few years pay, principal and interest, for a neat, airy, comfortable home in the country. Several such associations have been formed in Norfolk county, and if they are carefully and discreetly managed, we believe that they will have a great success. These villages within ten or twelve miles of Boston may have the advantages of compact settlements—stores, churches, lectures, social meetings and entertainments—without the physical discomforts and the social and moral evils which pervade our great cities.

We look on movements in this direction with unmingled satisfaction. For we have viewed with alarm the rush to our crowded cities. If means can only be provided by which they may have their homes in the country, so as to combine to a considerable extent the advantages of city and country life, it will be a great gain to the morals as well as to the physical comforts of a very large and important portion of our population.

#### THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IN BOSTON.

Passing the new Cathedral the other evening, we saw it lighted up, and were attracted to go in and look at it. Not-



withstanding its great size viewed from the outside, we were surprised at its grandeur when we entered it. Its proportions are at once light and majestic, and it would be hard to say whether it is more graceful or grand. The interior is as yet bare, but its greatness needs no ornament to make it impressive.

It takes but little conversation with our Roman-Catholic neighbors to feel what a soul this temple has, to feel the spirit which has shaped it and breathed existence into it. Whatever it may be elsewhere, the Roman faith among us is ardent, eager, and aggressive. This great Cathedral which has risen so rapidly from the ground is a new proof, where little proof was needed, of the zeal of the Roman Catholics among us, and talking with them impresses one still more vividly with the reality and depth of their faith. We who hold this faith, so far as it is distinctively Roman, to be false, and who recognize in ourselves and multitudes of others a faith as real and deep directly at variance with it, cannot but feel apprehensive of a possible conflict as terrible as the variance is deep-rooted. The maxim that tolerance in matters of faith can prevent conflict applies only when the faith is in its embryo state. Once let it be fairly born, and it begins to act after its nature. Every real religious faith affects the whole of human life, shapes human character and all the institutions growing out of it, after its own pattern. That is the inevitable course of every faith, powerful in proportion to the power of the faith. Therefore where a conflict of faith exists, we find it confronting us, more and more in proportion as the variance is deep, at every step, in every department of life, in our personal, social, political, and intellectual, as well as in our religious life. The Roman faith is beginning thus to confront us. It is preached privately and publicly, with a zeal well fitted to steal away unstayed hearts. It is modifying our institutions, and it seeks to overrule them. The public mind cannot be too much awakened upon this point, and bent to discover and apply the remedy. The difficulty lies in this, that we are dealing with human hearts. There is no final cure but to convert those hearts.



We must indeed guard and strictly maintain our temporal rights, but we can only overcome our opponents by converting them. Any injustice upon our part, any withholding of their rights, or encroachment upon them, will only deepen the breach, and add a just grievance and sense of wrong to their hostility of faith. Our minds are moved and our convictions modified by our experience. Our Roman-Catholic fellow-citizens are acted upon in like manner. Whatever they may say to the contrary, their faith is modified by their experience. They understand when they are fairly treated. Their consciences are affected by the moral conditions around them. There is no surer way of incurably fixing their mistaken faith than by doing them injustice. We trust that our public and our magistrates will meet the special cases of strife, as they come up, with even-handed firmness.

But the only real cure of the difficulty is to convert the Roman Catholics, and give them a truer faith than they have now; and that is the lesson the Cathedral teaches us, to deepen and purify our own faith, and to preach it, that its truth may conquer the Roman error, and its stronger light pale it. There is one thing that Rome cannot overcome, and that is the spirit of him who bows to God alone, who religiously obeys his personal vision of the truth. Against such spirits, the Pope and the whole force of the Roman Church is powerless, and they are the antagonists whom Rome most fears; and rightly, for in the far future the victory must fall to them. If any one would help to cure this conflict, let him meditate more deeply the Gospel of Christ, and learn the meaning of "the glorious liberty of the children of God;" let him purely seek the truth of God, of human history and human nature, and gain the direct and personal vision of the truth and strengthen his heart with it. Thus will he best help the cause which he would serve. He who can say with a single heart, "Here I stand, I cannot otherwise. God help me, Amen!" is the one enemy against whom the Roman error cannot stand. Such as he it is who alone can end the conflict, and bring pure peace. F. T. W.

## RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

## BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN.

REV. THADDEUS MCRÆ, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Macveytown, Pa., has written the life of the distinguished person generally called Satan, or the Devil. He thinks there had been a gap in the literature of the world pertaining to his Satanic Highness, and in a small volume of one hundred and seventy-three pages he has undertaken to supply the deficiency. He tells us of the origin, the works, and the final doom of Satan. He was once an angel of light, a very "tall angel;" he sinned, and was cast down immediately to hell,—a *locale* called Tartarus,—which Mr. McRæ does not know the boundaries of, but thinks it a very dark place, and may possibly be somewhere on the outskirts of our sidereal system. Satan did not wage any such battle in heaven as Milton sings about. That is very good poetry, perhaps, but very poor theology. He was cast down immediately. He must have been more than nine days in falling to reach the spot which Mr. McRæ hypothetically assigns to him. He does not appear on the earth again in bodily form. He is a spirit, and spirits do not have bodies. How Satan can inhabit a locality in space without a body puzzles us. He does, however, and invades this world of ours in various forms. Demoniacs, Spiritualism, temptations to evil, come from him. It will occur to the reader, of course, to ask Mr. McRæ where he gets his information. Having disparaged the authority of Milton, where does this knowledge come from? Mainly from two passages in Scripture,—one in the second Epistle of Peter so called, and the other in the Epistle of Jude. He cites these books as if there were no doubt of their Apostolic authority; when, in fact, modern criticism has shown beyond all reasonable question that they are not the works either of Peter or Jude, and belong to the list of Apocryphal books, like the Book of Enoch, whence all this mythology about the fallen angels was derived. The Book of Enoch was written a century, perhaps, before Christ, tells all about these fallen angels, and gives a long list of names of distinguished ones. This book was regarded by the Jews of Christ's day as of considerable authority, was regarded as canonical by some of the

Christian Fathers, and even bound up in the New-Testament canon. Peter and Jude, or rather the writers who personate them, evidently got their knowledge from this Book of Enoch. Such is the slender foundation for the amazing and widely expanding superstructure which both poets and theologians have raised upon it.

We have no question ourselves about the personality of the Devil. Personal devils have trod the earth for centuries. The essence of devilry consists in the inversion of the human powers: turning them against God, against society, and against humanity. The world abounds in them; and they leave this world every day by simply dropping their physical coverings. Unless, therefore, there is some magic in dying to turn sinners into saints, personal devils must exist in both worlds, the natural and spiritual; and that some are "taller" than others in that world, and at the head of infernal affairs, is very probable; for so it is in this world. It does not require any apocryphal writing to write the history of any of these Satanic hierarchs, and a much larger volume than this of Mr. McRae's would be necessary to detail all the works of one of the more distinguished of these infernals.

#### FALLING FROM GRACE.

If angels fell from heaven who had less temptation than we, how can there be any impassable boundary between heaven and hell? Why may not saints fall from grace there as well as here? And why may there not be a continual coming and going between the upper and lower abodes? It seems to us that the doctrine of Mr. McRae about fallen angels takes away the support of the received theology, and followed into all its logical consequences would be disastrous. We are accustomed to console ourselves in the hope that there is rest and security somewhere above us in the heavens, where trial and temptation have done their work, and the fruits of victory are fairly gained. But, if one-third of the angels of heaven, or any considerable number of them, have sinned, and been cast down to hell, how can we hope that we, if even we get to heaven, shall be beyond the reach of a like disaster?

#### "THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN."

At Hampton, Va., as most of our readers are probably aware, there is a normal school for the education of colored teachers for the South, under the energetic management of Gen. S. C. Arm-

strong. It is already under successful operation, and probably will be an agency more effectual in the end for the suppression of Ku-Klux outrages than bayonets and martial law. Gen. Armstrong now proposes to issue a monthly four-page newspaper, well illustrated, designed for circulation among the colored population who are beginning to read. It will go also among those who have not learned to read at all, seeking entrance to the minds of these people by means of pictures, and thus quickening the germs of intelligence where books and newspapers would otherwise be of no avail. Special attention will be given to agriculture and the useful arts. It is an enterprise of exceeding interest. The first number is to be issued about Christmas time. It would be worth a good deal to see the Uncle Toms pouring over it, and studying the pictures, and the little Toms spelling out to them the lessons and stories. Gen. Armstrong says he wants ten thousand dollars to carry the enterprise through. We hope he will get it. Associated with him is Gen. J. F. B. Marshall, as business manager,—a guarantee for the wise execution of the plan. May the paper, with its pictorial illustrations, have wings given it to fly to all the cabins in the South as a silent teacher of good things, stimulating the African mind to read and learn. We have put the ballot into the hands of these people, and wo will betide us if we do not put intelligence into their brains to wield the ballot aright. Gen. Marshall says in his prospectus, —

“We hope to enter the cottage or cabin as a welcome guest, with amusement and instruction for young and old; to satisfy, in an effectual way, the universal desire to know what is going on in the world; and to connect more closely, if possible, the chords of sympathy that stretch from heart to heart all over this land, by teaching our readers the lesson of true brotherhood, and making bright and clear the relations and duties of free men.”

It is very obvious that “The New-York Evening Post” means somebody in the following satire on the new style of novels, sermons, and poetry:—

“THE NEW-SCHOOL IN POETRY AND RELIGION.

“Take for your hero some thoroughbred scamp,  
Miner, or pilot, or jockey, or tramp,—  
Gambler (of course), drunkard, bully, and cheat,  
*Facile princeps*, in way of deceit;

So fond of ladies he's given to bigamy,  
 (Better, perhaps, if you make it polygamy), —  
 Pepper his talk with the raciest slang,  
 Culled from the haunts of his rude, vulgar gang;  
 Seasoned with blasphemy — lard him with curses;  
 Serve him up hot in your 'dialect' verses —  
 Properly dished, he'd excite a sensation,  
 And tickle the taste of our delicate nation.

"Old Mother English has twaddled enough:  
 Give us a language that's ready and tough!  
 Who cares, just now, for a subject Miltonian?  
 Who isn't bored by a style Addisonian?  
 Popular heroes must wear shabby clothes!  
 What if their diction is cumbered with oaths?  
 That's but a feature of life Occidental,  
 Really, at heart, they are pious and gentle.  
 Think, for example, how solemn and rich is  
 The sermon we gather from dear "Little Breeches!"  
 Isn't it charming, — that sweet baby-talk  
 Of the urchin who 'chawed' ere he fairly could walk?

"Sure 'tis no wonder bright spirits above  
 Singled him out for their errand of love!  
 I suppose I'm a 'fogy,' — not up to the age, —  
 But I can't help recalling an earlier stage,  
 When a real inspiration (*divinus afflatus*)  
 Could be printed without any saving hiatus;  
 When humor was decently shrouded in rhyme,  
 As suited the primitive ways of the time,  
 And we all would have blushed had we dreamed of the rules  
 Which are taught us to-day in our 'dialect' schools.

"It may be all right, though I find it all wrong,  
 This queer prostitution of talent and song.  
 Perhaps, in our market, gold sells at a loss,  
 And the public will pay better prices for dross, —  
 Well, 'twere folly to row 'gainst a tide that has turned,  
 And the lesson that's set us has got to be learned;  
 But I'll make one more desperate pull to be free  
 Ere I swallow the brood of that 'Heathen Chinee.'"

#### THE ETERNITY OF EVIL.

The controversy on this subject in the New Church continues in the pages of "The New-Church Independent," — by the way, a very able monthly published at Laporte, Ind. Rev. B. F. Barrett

and others take decidedly affirmative ground ; Rev. W. M. Fernald and others decidedly negative, disputing the eternity of evil as not only unreasonable, but un-Swedenborgian. Even if Swedenborg himself has taught it verbally, they argue against it from the profounder principles of Swedenborg's system, in which he taught wiser than he knew. "Have we a revelation on the subject?" asks Mr. Barrett, and answers his own question by saying we have, and that he who plants himself outside of it, or above it, stands on precisely the same ground occupied by the Rationalistic or Deistic school. To which Mr. Fernald replies, "How futile to affirm that one who doubts or denies the common interpretation of Swedenborg, or who even believes that he was mistaken on this point," is upon the same ground with Deists and Rationalists. To believe what is *said* to be revealed, whether reasonable or unreasonable, on the mere ground of authority, says Mr. Fernald, — quoting Swedenborg himself, — "reasons as a crab walks: his sight following his tail."

Is it very likely that God has told Swedenborg or any angel or any created being whatever what is going to be through all eternity? If he has not, we shall not see this question settled "by revelation."

#### PICTURES OF CHRIST.

With our conception of the power and majesty of Jesus, we cannot look with satisfaction or patience even on those paintings and engravings designed to represent his person, and which are put into so many picture-frames and so many "Lives of Christ." The features of some of them are feminine, some of them Jewish, all of them the feeble conceptions of artists who ought to keep their poor ideals out of sight. The "Life of Christ" just published, written by Henry Ward Beecher, is disfigured by five of these disgraceful caricatures. If we owned one of the books we should think its value enhanced by cutting them out. The only portraiture which any earnest believer can regard with satisfaction is the one which dawns upon his rising faith ; nor will that satisfy him as anything which he can fix and frame ; for it will change as he changes, and as the Christ of consciousness grows into the image and likeness of the living God.

The following lines, which appeared originally in "The Golden Age," are so exquisitely beautiful that they ought to be passed along : —

## "A CHILD OF EARTH.

"BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

- "I wandered long beside the alien waters,  
For summer suns were warm, and winds were dead;  
Fields fair as hope were stretching on before me,  
Forbidden paths were pleasant to my tread.
- "From boughs that hung between me and the heavens  
I gathered summer fruitage red and gold;  
For me the idle singers sang of pleasure;  
My days went by like stories that are told.
- "On my rose-tree grew roses for my plucking,  
As red as love, or pale as tender pain;  
I found no thorns to vex me in my garlands;  
Each day was good, and nothing bloomed in vain.
- "Sometimes I danced, as in a dream, to music,  
And kept quick time with many flying feet,  
And some one praised me in the music's pauses,  
And very young was life, and love was sweet.
- "Now, could I listen to the low voice calling, —  
'Come hither, leave thy music and thy mirth' ?  
How could I stop to hear of far-off heaven?  
I lived, and loved, and was a child of earth.
- "Then came a hand and took away my treasure,  
Dimmed my fine gold, and cut my rose-tree down,  
Changed my dance music into mournful measures,  
Quenched the bright day, and turned my green fields brown;
- "Till, walking lonely through the empty places  
Where love and I no more kept holiday,  
My sad eyes growing wonted to the darkness,  
Beheld a new light shining far away.
- "And I could bear my hopes should lie around me  
Dead like my flowers, fallen before their time,  
For well I knew some tender spring would raise them  
To brighter blossoms in that far-off clime,
- "Where shines the light of an unending morning,  
Where fair things bloom, but never any die,  
And the glad rose of a celestial dawning  
Flushes the heavenly heights eternally."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WANDERER is the title of a "colloquial poem" by William Ellery Channing. It has a commendatory preface written by R. W. E., — initials which point to a very astute and competent critic. It is published, as we learn from the preface, not by the promptings of the author, but his editor. The verses are photographs of nature, and are not remarkable for their melodious flow, but are vivid sketches of New-England scenery, tinged with the author's meditative moods. R. W. E. says of them: "These poems are genuinely original, with a simplicity of plan which allows the writer to leave out all the prose of artificial transitions, — a series of sketches of natural objects such as abound in New England, inwreathed by the thoughts they suggest to the contemplative pilgrim." Published by James R. Osgood & Co.

THE INVASION OF FRANCE, in 1814, comprising the night march of the Russian army past Phalsbourg. From the French of Eckerman-Chatrain. New York: Scribner & Co.

Eckerman-Chatrain is the name of two men put into one. They are two lawyers, Emile Eckerman and Alexander Chatrain, both from the province of Alsace, both Germans by extraction, but French in thought and feeling. They are unsuccessful as lawyers, but successful as writers, and have acquired quite a popularity in Paris. Similarity of taste and genius makes their minds flow together, and the present work is a historical novel of the period of the most thrilling events of French history.

PAPERS FOR HOME READING. By Rev. John Hall, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

We have looked over a considerable portion of this book, reading some of the papers with care, and can say that it contains valuable lessons in Christian living, given in a plain and lively style, and applicable to people of all classes. It is written by a Calvinistic minister, but the papers abound in good sense, in wise suggestions, in truthful and charitable precepts, and confine themselves almost entirely to the broad precepts of Christian truth and duty in which all earnest Christians may unite.



